BRITANNIA and EVE

SEPTEMBER
1942

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1/3

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 25, No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1942

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this Issue is 3d.

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Orders? Oh, no—he begs and prays

He fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston MAKES the biscuit

Any complaints? No, Sergeant, not when the biscuits are Weston—except that sometimes the lads could do with lots more.

Everyone wants biscuits—the Services and the public—and the four Weston factories are working at full pitch. Even at that, some districts are not getting Weston biscuits, as every biscuit manufacturer has definite areas to supply by Government order, to save transport.

In many parts we are regularly making large deliveries, so ask for Weston Biscuits by name. If yours is not one of the fortunate places it is only for the present—Weston will return with Victory.

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MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE

Sew "Rufflette" Tape, at top and bottom, over hem.

With curtain lying flat, knot cords at one end and pleat by pulling from other end. Do not cut loose ends, tuck into heading.

Slip hooks (or rings) into pockets, turnover fashion. No stitching necessary. Use rings for rod, hooks for runner rail.

When the lights go up again

"Rufflette" pocketed tape makes all the difference to the appearance of your curtains. Pity it is in such short supply these days. Restricted deliveries are still coming through but there is not nearly enough to go round. However, when the lights go up again and the mills swing over to peacetime production "Rufflette" curtain accessories will again be available in every shop or workroom where good curtains are sold.

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CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets) also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

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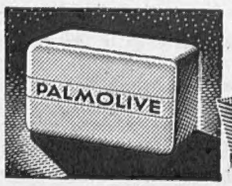
The best-looking women in uniform are those who take care of their skin. A daily bath with Palmolive is a natural beauty treatment, for its rich, velvety, olive-oil lather soothes and beautifies as it cleanses — keeps you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.



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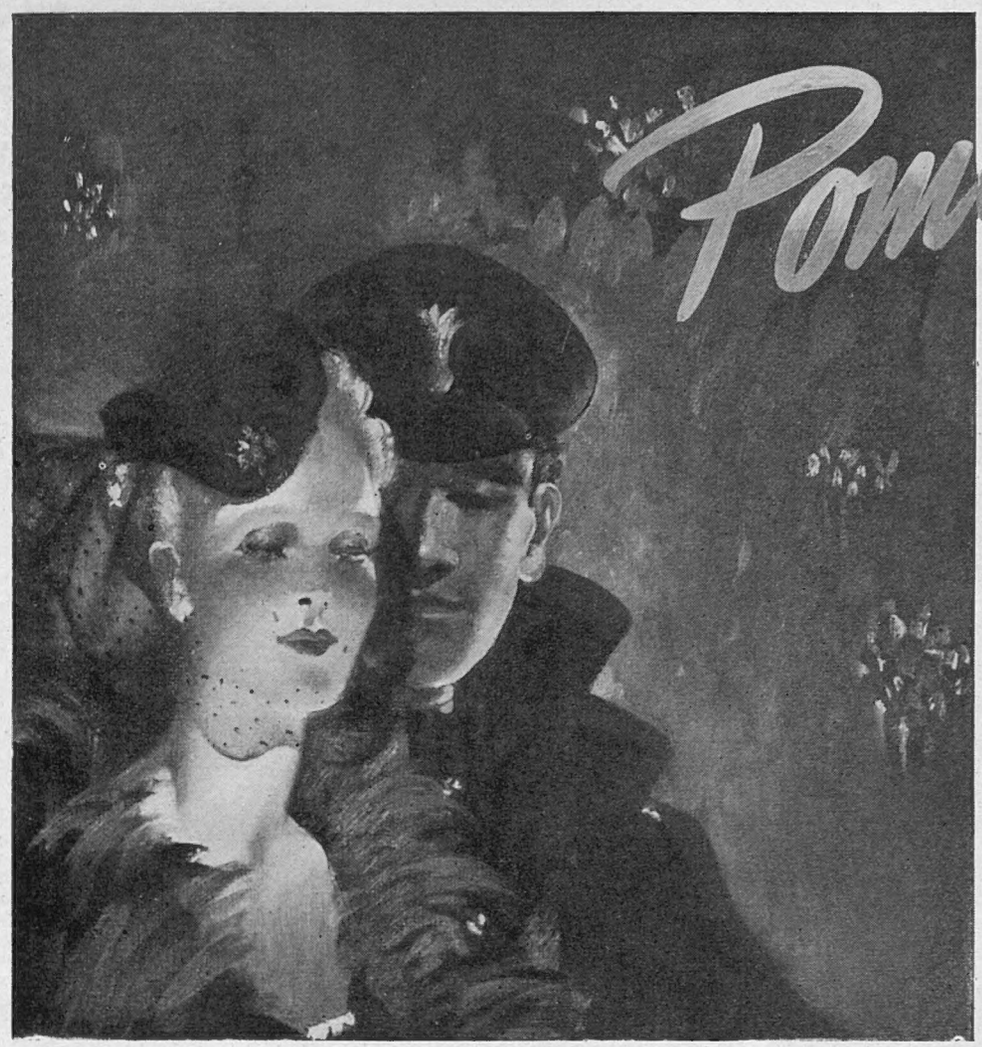

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MOMENTS • MEETINGS • PARTINGS • LEAVE • they go on—not even old Hitler can stop them . . . but make-up problem acute . . . ersatz products always a danger. Thank goodness Pomeroy still keeping up supplies of the real thing . . . less of course than of old, but what a comfort to know it's the real thing . . . and when one can get away for awhile—Pomeroy Salon in Bond Street . . . beauty's front fully restored.

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Pomeroy

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Prices from 2/2 to 11/3 ★ Inclusive of Purchase Tax

Traditional quality

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

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INVERNESS

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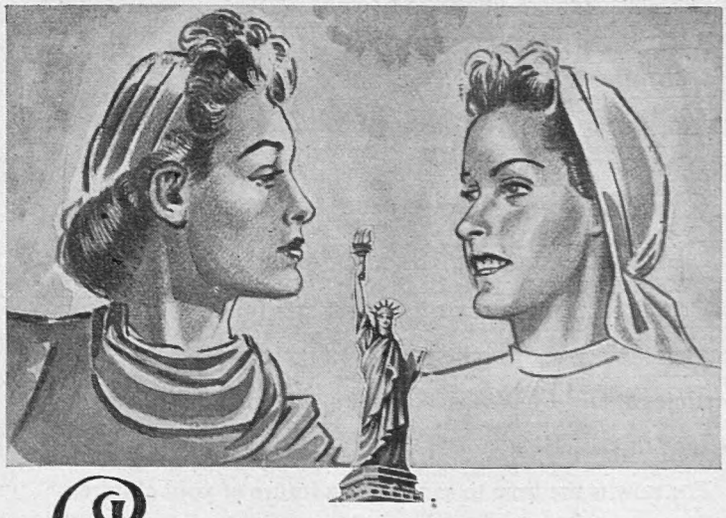

Liberty made her punctual

She was always late — notoriously unpunctual. Now she is the most active worker at the Children's Nursery and never late, though her home is a mile away. Liberty Shoes have changed her — made her happier, healthier and so much smarter. "I Walk with Liberty now," she explains. "Liberty Shoes help me with the day's work at home. They are so flexible and comfortable, they brace my feet." Lovely exclusive design, perfect ease, and longer wear, which means fewer coupons. Liberty Shoes are so good that supplies sometimes run a little short.

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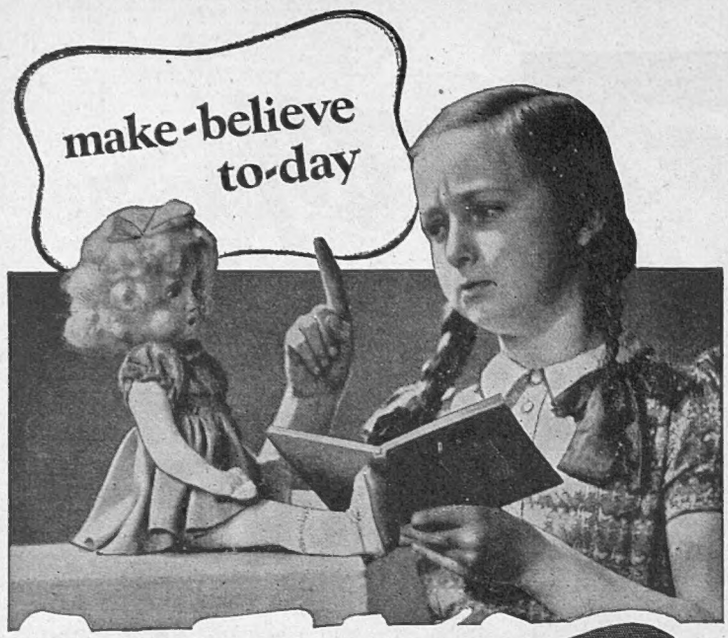

In ten years time she'll be on the threshold of a new life, eager to strike out into a new world and full of enthusiasm for her new responsibility—that of helping to guide the destinies of all we have loved and fought for. Give her every chance to succeed!

For now is the time to save for the future of your children by cutting all spending to the bone and starting the savings habit—the habit of saving regularly each week. Start now to help them then. Your savings serve you doubly—they buy the weapons of attack to-day and they afford you the means of being your kiddies' best friend in the world of to-morrow.

Secure to-morrow by saving to-day

Savings Bonds. National War Bonds. Defence Bonds.
National Savings Certificates. Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks.

Issued by The National Savings Committee

RYE's RIGHT

IN THE DAYS OF PEACE AND PLENTY

41,539 DOCTORS AND DENTISTS RECOMMENDED PEOPLE TO EAT RYE IN THE FORM OF

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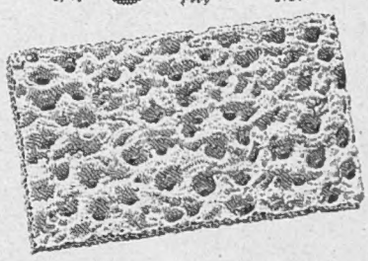


MADE FROM THE WHOLE GRAIN OF HOME GROWN RYE

Controlled price 10d. per pkt. (as pre-war)

On every polished floor

GUARANTEED 100% NON-SLIP

Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum—yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as a result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given

£100 FREE INSURANCE AGAINST SLIPPING

Sold in 2/- tins and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

(Enquiries for bulk supplies should be sent to address below)

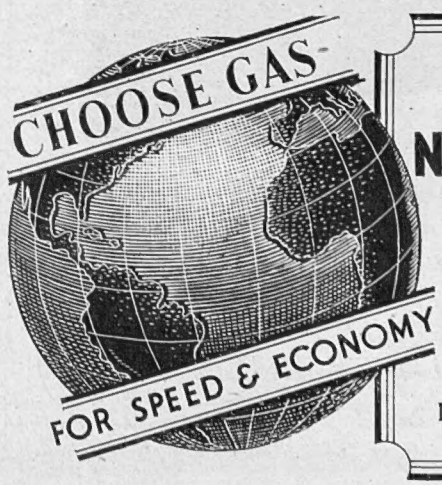
Furmoto non-slip FLOOR CREAM

In case of difficulty write for name and address of nearest stockist to:
FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3 Brixton Road, S.W.9

'Celanese' makes your Coupons go further!

TRADE MARK

Since you spend your Coupons as wisely as your money you will find it well worth while to insist on 'Celanese'. Quality of appearance—Washing quality—Wearing quality—you have them all. It will pay you to look for 'Celanese'.



REGULO

NEW WORLD

Gas Cookers

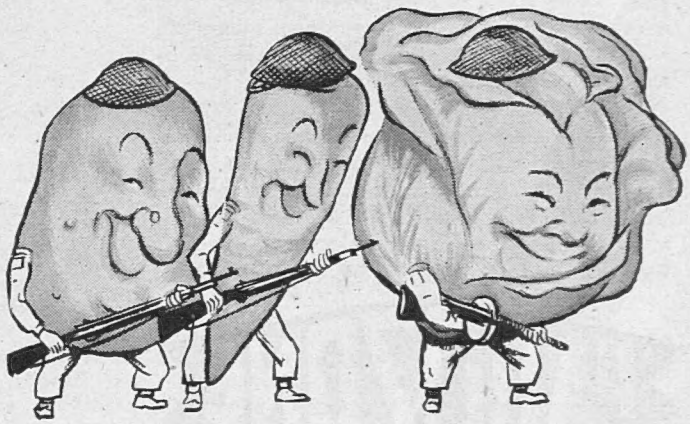
Over 2 Million in daily use!

Product of Radiation Ltd.

Home-guards of health

Of course you don't want to be a food crank. But it is useful to know that there are certain homely foods that can do a marvellous job of protecting you and your family against illness.

Enlist these "home guards" in your diet, and keep them regularly on duty!



Here are a few simple exercises:

1. Serve a good big helping of any green vegetables every day. Greens should be cooked quickly; served at once; keeping hot or warming up lessens their value.

2. Serve, also, a good portion of root vegetables. Be sure that carrots are served several times a week. When cooking potatoes, boil or steam them in their skins for utmost health value.

3. Give something raw and green every day. Sometimes it may be a salad of shredded cabbage heart or other tender greenstuff; or watercress or mustard and cress for tea; or plenty of chopped parsley in a sauce, on potatoes, or in a salad.

4. This health "exercise" now looks after itself; eat national bread and dishes made with national flour!

5. Every member of the family should have his or her full ration of butter, margarine, and milk and cheese.

DRIED EGG RECIPE LEAFLET *FREE*

Save your shell eggs for the children and for boiling and poaching. Use Dried Egg for all your cooking. Dried Egg is very easy to use and makes the most delicious scrambled egg, omelettes, Yorkshire pudding, pancakes, boiled or baked custard, cakes and puddings.

A sheet of 12 Ministry of Food tested recipes using Dried Egg will be sent free to all who ask. Please send postcards only, asking for Cookery Leaflet No. 11, and address, The Ministry of Food, Room 628A, London, W.1.

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MINISTRY OF FOOD

(S.40a)

SAVE FUEL

The Parozone Way

To waste fuel, even unthinkingly, is a crime against the country. BUT there will be no sabotaging the war effort in your home, and the white loveliness which you have always prized so much in your linens and cottons will not be affected in the slightest degree by fuel restrictions if you use Parozone.

Wash your Linens and Cottons in the usual way and then steep them overnight in the solution of one teacupful of PAROZONE to eight gallons of cold water. Rinse and wring them out in the morning, and they are ready to dry, whiter and lovelier than ever before—without the use of coal, gas or electricity.

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

Use Parozone to keep sinks and lavatory bowls . . . traps where germs might linger...immaculate and hygienic.

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PRE-WAR QUALITY and PRE-WAR PRICE

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Biscuits

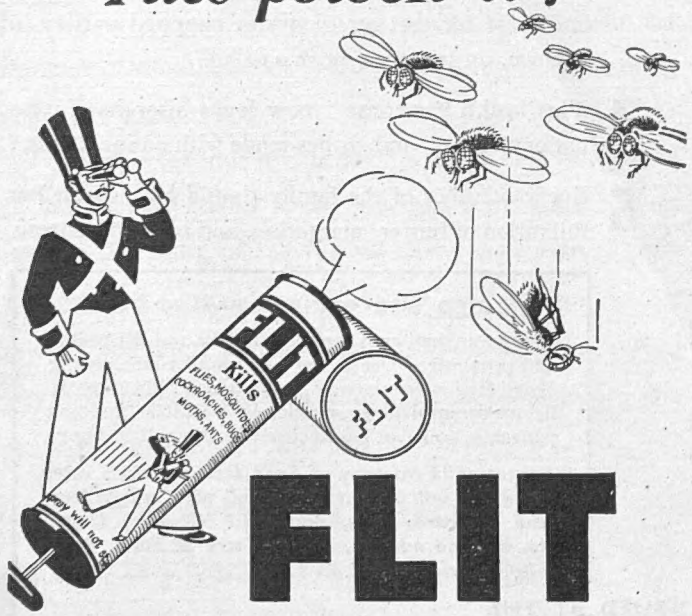
Owing to the new Government instructions, we are now allowed to distribute McVitie & Price Biscuits to certain areas only. If you live in one of these areas your favourite Biscuits will be obtainable in reasonable quantities through your usual shops and stores.

If you do not live in one of our distribution areas you will not be able to buy McVitie & Price Biscuits until the war is ended. Then we will make it our duty to make them available to all once more.

McVitie & Price Ltd., Edinburgh, London, Manchester

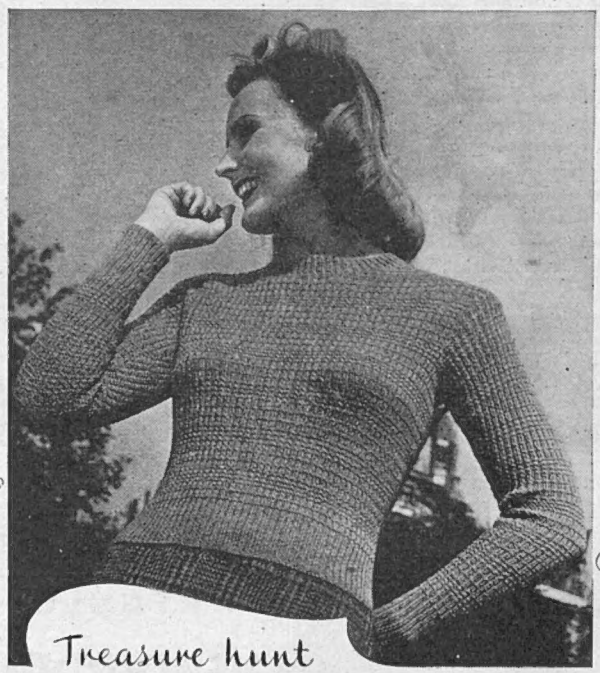
SAVE YOUR FOOD!

Flies poison it!



FLIT

QUICK DEATH TO FLIES!



Treasure hunt

. . . for La Laine knitting wool is limited in quantity but maintains the same high standard of quality.

LA LAINE knitting wool

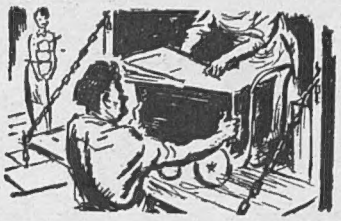
Jersey from La Laine Leaflet No. 2128

In difficulty write Bairns-Wear Ltd., Dept. LL.55, Nottingham

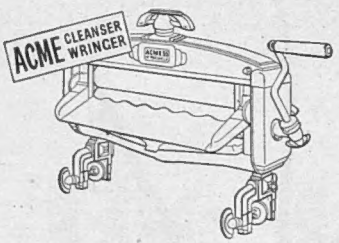
CVS-L23

It went with the pram...

in spite of father's protests. And Mrs. Higgins was right as usual. Her Acme has been a blessing to her down in the coun-



try—*and* to her neighbours. It makes light of the wash of half-a-dozen crowded cottages. You see, just now, there simply aren't any Acmes to buy. But when the war is won, well, we know of at least six housewives who won't be without an Acme of their own for a minute longer than they—or we—can help!



Mix the invalid's Horlicks with water only—the milk is already in it

It is well known that Horlicks is exceptionally valuable for invalids and convalescents who cannot take solid food.

This is particularly true at times when milk is rationed. For the correct way to mix Horlicks is, and always has been, to add *water only*. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

In Grandma's Day

Then, women just had to put up with many things which nowadays would not be tolerated. Knowledge on many vital subjects was limited—women ***expected*** to be "in poor health" from 40 onwards. To-day such middle-age discomfort need not be, because modern medical science has discovered its cause and also found the remedy. Menopax is a most up-to-date medicine for such conditions—approved by doctors.

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT MENOPAX

MENOPAX

for Women of Middle-age

Prices 2/10, 5/7½ and 11/3 from Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all leading chemists. An interesting book, *"The Crisis in a Woman's Life,"* may be taken FREE from most chemists' counters, or sent direct for 3d. in stamps by Clinical Products Ltd., *2 The Green, Richmond, Surrey.*

"There you are, my dear—that's the way to grow onions! Jolly good—don't you think?"

"Yes, John—fine, but do be careful; I don't want lumps of your allotment in the house. You're dropping the earth all over my lino—just as I've given it such a lovely polish with 'Mansion,' too."

MANSION
ANTISEPTIC WAX POLISH

keeps the home bright and healthy

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

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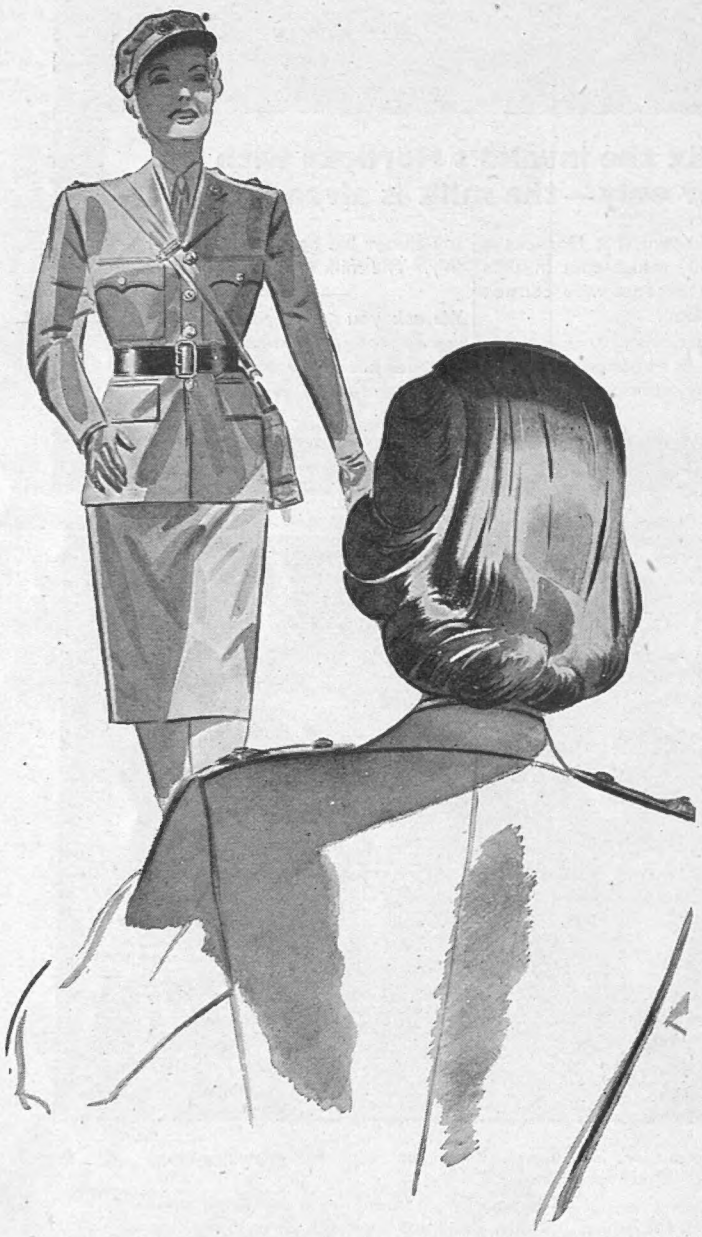
An **AUSTIN REED** *uniform*
makes a woman look
her best — and feel it too,
for it's the perfect tailormade,
adapted to Service needs



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. . lips with a purpose in life — coupon-free accessories of your coupon ward-robe . . . harmonious, glowingly warm, long-lasting . . . with GALA. Not always easy to find is GALA, but how worth the seeking. Buy GALA wherever you can and add that touch of poise and preparedness for to-day . . . that touch of brightness and hope for to-morrow.

Gala

Gala Lipstick 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6. Also Gala Facial Cream and New size Powder, 4/6 each.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN

He gazed upon the handiwork of one of the undersea raiders of the deep

The Gnat and the Pig

A Pilot tests out his own Invention with devastating effect

By

C. V. TENCH

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT JAMES GERRIE, of the 7th Atlantic Squadron, Royal Canadian Air Force, removed his goggles and wiped them hurriedly. Replacing them he stared again across the tumbling mass of wind-stressed seas toward the distant horizon. He had heard no explosion, but what he saw was far away. Again, the thunder of his powerful engine, the shrieking of the wind and his covered ears might have prevented that. But that volume of smoke was too thick to be the outpourings from the funnels of a ship, and it was licked with lurid flames. Gunning his engine to full power he set the nose of the sleek fighter 'plane straight toward the ominous black pall. Like a live thing the Hurricane raced forward.

As he drew close to the pall of smoke, Gerrie blipped down the throttle and zoomed close to the waves. His lips and eyes hardened as he gazed upon the handiwork of one of the undersea raiders of the deep; a small freighter afire from stem to stern. As he banked, turned and again sped over the spot, with a last roaring hiss the vessel slipped beneath the waves. The sight caught at Gerrie's throat.

Submarine work! Cold hate engulfed him. Holding his 'plane barely above the greedy maw of the tumbling waves he peered intently over the edge of the cockpit. One minute—five miles—each way, the four points of the compass. Not a trace of survivors could he glimpse. It was an old story now; no room on the pig boat for prisoners; seas too rough for rafts or small boats.

His lips thinned as he visualised the end of the crew of the surface vessel; the greying faces as the sinister hull of the undersea killer had appeared; the——.

Abruptly he straightened up, fighting with the controls of his machine. The Hurricane was now bucking and twisting in the powerful grip of a fast-rising gale. And somewhere beneath him the deep-sea raider skulked below the churning seas. Gerrie set himself to try and ferret her out.

For days now the 7th Atlantic Squadron had been trying to seek out and destroy the flotilla of enemy undersea boats that were wreaking terrific havoc amongst surface shipping all along Canada's eastern coast line. It was known that at least a dozen of the very latest type of long-range, ocean-going submarines were now operating in Canadian waters.

So far but one undersea boat had been attacked by a unit of the 7th Squadron. Although bombs had been dropped the submarine had escaped. The fighter-pilot who had sighted and bombed the U-boat had been bitter about it when recounting the occurrence; had cursed the fact that the single-seater Hurricane 'planes they flew were not equipped with wireless because of making every sacrifice to speed; no means of signalling at all excepting flares and smoke bombs. He had gone on to explain in biting detail the utter futility of trying to hit with light aerial bombs a speedy submarine that offered as target but a narrow, sea-washed grey deck. It had been done by heavy bombers, but even with the heavier, slower-flying machines it was a long chance. Again, with heavy bombs a direct hit was not necessary to crack an undersea boat's frail shell. With the light, emergency bombs carried on the Hurricanes a direct hit was necessary. Might as well try to hit a running rabbit with pistol bullets when seated in a fast car speeding over rough roads, he had ended.

Snatches of it all flitted through Gerrie's mind as, turning and twisting, he kept on with his wave-skimming search. He recalled how deeply he had been impressed by his fellow pilot's narrative and had reminded him that better means of coping with the undersea menace were being rushed to completion—heavier bombers and light torpedo boats—but enemy submarines on the Canadian coast had caught the authorities not fully prepared.

And then Gerrie had gone quietly to work on an invention of his own. He had then shown the perfected contrivance to the others. Some of them had shaken their heads doubtfully. Others pointed out that to use it successfully meant almost certain finish for pilot and 'plane. Gerrie had agreed and pointed out, in turn, that the price was slight if it meant the certain destruction of a costly U-boat and her crew of

Illustrated by
Edward Osmond

fifty to sixty men. Since then he had hoped for a chance to try out his simple yet deadly device. Perhaps that opportunity was now at hand.

Suddenly he jerked up the nose of his 'plane as a wave tip slammed savagely up at him. He must not wreck his machine with over-eagerness. He levelled off again, still peering over the edge of the cockpit. The pig boat could not be far away for the freighter had burned quickly. But no doubt the undersea boat had submerged at once for fear of what the smoke from her latest victim might draw to the vicinity.

Oblivious of time, forgetful of fuel running low, tense with desire for combat, Gerrie continued his search. Excepting for the small 'plane turning and twisting like a gull, sea and sky were deserted. There was good reason. Surface vessels were not now putting to sea, unless compelled to do so, until the hazards of this new U-boat menace were removed. Already surface vessels of war were racing back under full ahead from other zones to combat the new threat, but for the time being the undersea raiders had matters all their own way.

All their own way! The thought strengthened Gerrie's resolve. If his invention worked then, likely, other pilots would adopt his device, assume the same risk and turn the tables on the slinking grey marauders. As he banked and turned once again he prayed fervently that this particular skulking destroyer would reveal her sinister hull and give him his chance.

Sheer physical discomfort caused him to at last straighten up to ease strained muscles. A growing disappointment made him angry. All he asked for was an even duel; he and his small 'plane with its light bombs against two thousand tons of heavily-armed U-boat.

He glanced at his watch. Already he had been in the air three hours and his tanks held fuel for but four. He was at least one hundred miles from his base. Of all the luck! Well——. His lips thinned disappointedly as he pulled the Hurricane about, pushed her nose up, levelled off at a thousand feet and started for home. But his eyes remained fastened upon the waters smearing beneath him. Hope refused to die.

A grey mist, the forerunner of approaching night, was now creeping up, reducing visibility.

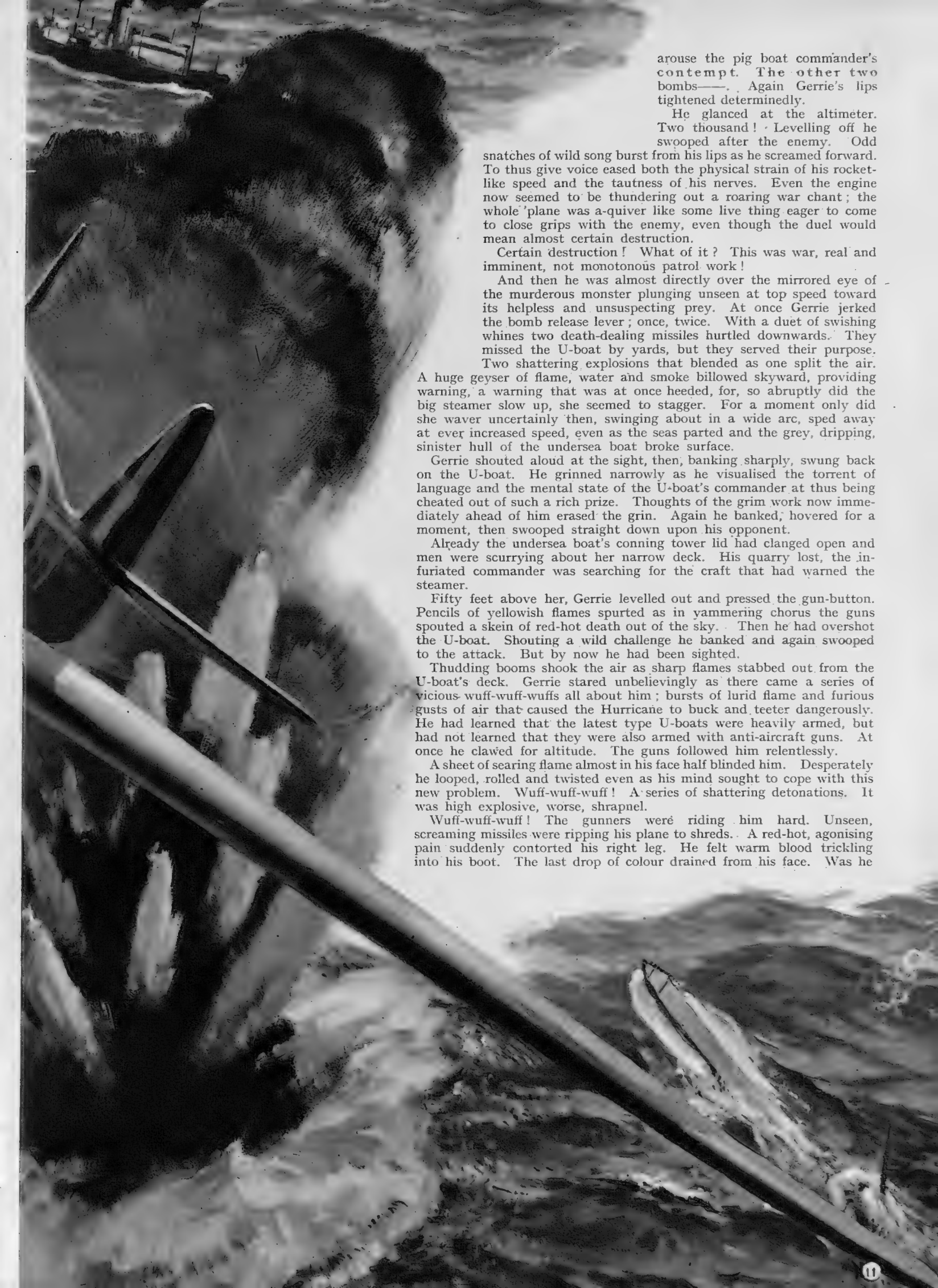
And now the grey of the sea and sky commenced to blur his sight. He wrenched his eyes straight ahead and scanned the horizon. Glancing downward again his heart suddenly stilled, as far away he sighted a smudge of smoke. In a flash he had turned the Hurricane and was thundering straight toward the smudge. A few screaming miles and he saw the smoke was coming from the funnels of a large steamer ramping along at full ahead. She was without escort. Undoubtedly, urgent need of the cargo she carried was causing her to run the gauntlet of undersea raiders. Gerrie's heart instinctively warmed toward the brave men who so pluckily manned her.

But what a prize! The thought cracked into Gerrie's mind. The thump-thump of the steamer's screws would be easily audible to the sound-pick-up technicians aboard any U-boat lurking in the vicinity. Surely the pig boat would now at least show its mechanical eye! In sudden hope, Gerrie cut down his motor, dived steeply and levelled off with the waves bare feet beneath him.

His eyes ached with the strain as he scanned the seas all about the steamer. And then he saw it—and could not restrain the wild yell of hope and challenge the sight forced from him. Barely a mile ahead and to leeward of the surface vessel a streak of foam showed; white and clear from above even in the fast-gathering gloom. The undersea raider was pushing up her periscope!

On the instant Gerrie gunned his engine to full power and clawed fiercely for altitude. As he shot upwards he conned over his plan of action. He had mapped it out to the last detail when ashore, and it came clearly to him even though now his brain was seething with primeval exultation. He carried but few bombs; light bombs, but heavy enough to rip asunder the U-boat's thin hull if they made a direct hit. Two of them he would release indiscriminately to, first, warn the captain of the steamer, secondly, to

They missed the U-boat by yards, but they served their purpose. Two shattering explosions that blended as one split the air



arouse the pig boat commander's contempt. The other two bombs——. Again Gerrie's lips tightened determinedly.

He glanced at the altimeter. Two thousand! Levelling off he swooped after the enemy. Odd snatches of wild song burst from his lips as he screamed forward. To thus give voice eased both the physical strain of his rocket-like speed and the tautness of his nerves. Even the engine now seemed to be thundering out a roaring war chant; the whole 'plane was a-quiver like some live thing eager to come to close grips with the enemy, even though the duel would mean almost certain destruction.

Certain destruction! What of it? This was war, real and imminent, not monotonous patrol work!

And then he was almost directly over the mirrored eye of the murderous monster plunging unseen at top speed toward its helpless and unsuspecting prey. At once Gerrie jerked the bomb release lever; once, twice. With a duet of swishing whines two death-dealing missiles hurtled downwards. They missed the U-boat by yards, but they served their purpose. Two shattering explosions that blended as one split the air. A huge geyser of flame, water and smoke billowed skyward, providing warning, a warning that was at once heeded, for, so abruptly did the big steamer slow up, she seemed to stagger. For a moment only did she waver uncertainly then, swinging about in a wide arc, sped away at ever increased speed, even as the seas parted and the grey, dripping, sinister hull of the undersea boat broke surface.

Gerrie shouted aloud at the sight, then, banking sharply, swung back on the U-boat. He grinned narrowly as he visualised the torrent of language and the mental state of the U-boat's commander at thus being cheated out of such a rich prize. Thoughts of the grim work now immediately ahead of him erased the grin. Again he banked, hovered for a moment, then swooped straight down upon his opponent.

Already the undersea boat's conning tower lid had clanged open and men were scurrying about her narrow deck. His quarry lost, the infuriated commander was searching for the craft that had warned the steamer.

Fifty feet above her, Gerrie levelled out and pressed the gun-button. Pencils of yellowish flames spurted as in yammering chorus the guns spouted a skein of red-hot death out of the sky. Then he had overshot the U-boat. Shouting a wild challenge he banked and again swooped to the attack. But by now he had been sighted.

Thudding booms shook the air as sharp flames stabbed out from the U-boat's deck. Gerrie stared unbelievingly as there came a series of vicious wuff-wuff-wuffs all about him; bursts of lurid flame and furious gusts of air that caused the Hurricane to buck and teeter dangerously. He had learned that the latest type U-boats were heavily armed, but had not learned that they were also armed with anti-aircraft guns. At once he clawed for altitude. The guns followed him relentlessly.

A sheet of searing flame almost in his face half blinded him. Desperately he looped, rolled and twisted even as his mind sought to cope with this new problem. Wuff-wuff-wuff! A series of shattering detonations. It was high explosive, worse, shrapnel.

Wuff-wuff-wuff! The gunners were riding him hard. Unseen, screaming missiles were ripping his plane to shreds. A red-hot, agonising pain suddenly contorted his right leg. He felt warm blood trickling into his boot. The last drop of colour drained from his face. Was he

to be shot down before he could try out his invention? Before he could destroy the devilishly ingenious mines in the hold of the U-boat before the undersea raider could lay them? Before he could blow her apart so that she could do no further harm?

Wuff-wuff-wuff! The whole sky seemed to be filled with bursting shells. Those gunners certainly knew their work. The pain of his wound, the terrific, blasting detonations had him dazed. Like a wounded bird the Hurricane fluttered and twisted.

And then it suddenly came to him that the wider he flew the better target he made. He must get to close quarters; must rattle those gunners. On the thought he banked and, screaming at the top of his voice to ease the unnatural pressure on his lungs, gunned the engine to full power and dived headlong at the grey monster wallowing in the waves below him.

He must get those gunners! He grinned mirthlessly as he saw them dodge. Again he sought the gun trips and again the deadly weapons rattled out their metallic song of smashing death. He saw two members of the U-boat's crew crumple up, then slither from the sloping deck into the waves.

As he shot over the target and banked to return, the U-boat's anti-aircraft weapons again commenced to spout flame and vicious barks, but now he was too close to them; the gunners were over-shooting. His wings almost scraped the conning tower as he tore into them again, his machine-guns leading with a terrific barrage of shrieking bullets.

And now the sheer thrill of the fight had his heart racing, blood seething. It was like a gnat attacking an elephant. The U-boat was annoyed, but far from afraid of him; was even contemptuous. To allow her gunners every chance she had come to an almost dead stop. Gerrie saw one man, whom he took to be the commander, shaking vengeful fists toward the sky. He grinned at the sight. He had them rattled.

Another vicious burst of pom-pom shells rocked the Hurricane, but Gerrie ignored them. He was flying in a tight circle now, an almost impossible target. But much though he would have liked to have kept up the exchange of shots, he dared not. Both ammunition and fuel were running dangerously low. Spasms of pain reminded him that his leg wound was bleeding profusely. The time had come to test his invention. Opening up his engine he climbed for more altitude.

Bursts of lurid flame again commenced to flood the sky all about him. Followed other sounds as he prepared for his final onslaught; the sinister, whining buzz of high-velocity bullets. They had now resorted to machine-gun and automatic-rifle fire. Holes began to mysteriously appear all over the Hurricane. They could certainly use the weapons at their command, and——.

Abruptly Gerrie grunted as, viciously and without warning, something thudded full into his body with such terrific force he was slammed violently forward against the safety belt. Nausea engulfed him. A chill, numbing sensation crept along his spine. The 'plane commenced to spin. With an effort he pulled himself together and wrenched her out of it. But by now she was nothing but a mess of torn and bloody material. Would the Hurricane hold together? Could he? Odd what terrific smashing power there was in one small bullet. It had numbed his whole body. He could no longer feel any pain; was becoming drowsy. But he must; they must! The Hurricane and he must hang together for just a few more vital minutes.

Flying in a tight circle he swooped down. He saw the U-boat's gunners staring up at him in open-mouthed amazement, then they started to scuttle for shelter.

Gerrie shook his head violently in desperate effort to dispel the mist that was clouding his mind, and reached for the bomb release-lever. For a moment the Hurricane vibrated in every fibre, then dropped sharply. He glanced at the altimeter. Five hundred feet. When right close to the undersea killer he would drop to one hundred and——. Something like a sob escaped his lips, for he was young and life appealed. *(Continued on p. 52)*

Again the deadly weapons rattled out their metallic song of death. He saw two members of the U-boat's crew crumple up

By Harriman Dickson

A Day *with the* Tank Testers

A Matilda tank undergoing final tests before being put into active service

IN the distance it looked like a scaly monster waddling forward to plunge into the gully. As it disappeared from view, I tensed myself in the turret seat of the tank. Our turn next.

I was shut away in a small metal box. The walls jumped and vibrated as we ploughed along the track. Warm gusts were coming up from the engines. The air fan started whirring. A circular turret of steel padded with rubber ran around my head. There was a steel shelf empty of its wireless set. A morse lamp winked. The arm bracket of a gun swung idly.

Then we climbed a sharp incline. I glimpsed the other tank struggling out of the gully dripping water like a rhinoceros from its drinking place.

Our nose dipped alarmingly. The world reeled. A giant tree swung backwards. Then I clung to the seat as we seemed to stand up perpendicularly on the nose. It was the last sheer drop before entering the gully.

The tank had slowed. The tracks were digging at the sheer wall. A moment they held the tank crazily, like a fly on the wall. Then, so it seemed to me, hell went loose.

A Crusader medium-weight tank undergoing trials by a tank tester

A sticky test for a tank. The tank tester putting a tank through a critical test by keeping it going through a sea of mud

The metal box appeared to expand and snap back. A great punch from the earth, and the hiss of parted water. I had shut my eyes and gripped the seat. I knew we had gone down that sheer wall into the gully. I wondered if we would come out again.

Next minute, we were ploughing smoothly, serenely across the ditch, parting the water on either side like one of Wells's amphibians. I had just discovered that I was none the worse, apart from a small bruise on the left knee, when we began climbing the opposite bank.

I thought, at that moment, of someone else. A gentleman who sat forward of me, much closer to the ground. The tank tester. The man who was watching every response of this mechanical reptile.

The climb-out, they had told me, was a good test for the tracks. They had said nothing of the drop-in.

Now we seemed to stick, half-way up that bank. The tracks tore at the loose ground. For a nasty moment I wondered again and once more shut my eyes.

I felt the monster heaving up one side under me. It made my head swing sickeningly. Then it turned slightly and we were climbing. Two seconds later we were safely on the level.

Phew! What a life—testing tanks!

I mustered a grin and called down to the tester, sitting in front. He came climbing towards me. He looked cool and unruffled. "Starboard braking a bit slack," he murmured. He might just have taken a bus ride along the safest stretch of the Strand. And it wasn't merely a pose.

This man has been testing tanks ten hours a day, six days a week, for the past six months. Working at full pressure, guaranteeing that every tank released to our own troops, or sent to our allies, was a completely reliable job. As they came off the factory lines, brand new tanks, he broke them in, put them through their paces, made certain there were no unsuspected flaws.

He was stocky, slowly spoken, with quiet eyes. He had a calm about him which went deeper than outward appearances. You got the feeling he was the right man to be with in an emergency.

Now he explained to me with remarkable clarity what the words "braking a bit slack" meant. There are two levers amongst the controls of a tank, one operating the left-hand track and the other the right. Pull the right-hand lever backwards and you get the tank into what would be neutral with a car. Pull it back further and you begin to apply the brake. To turn the tank left or right—more properly port or starboard—you (*Continued on page* 56)

LOVE UNDER MARS

Despite all the Dangers, Difficulties and Uncertainties of Wartime, the Number of Marriages is rising steeply

By C. Patrick Thompson

THE moon came out, and she saw his grey eyes, wide, wary, close. The drone was louder now, and persistent, like the rumble of a long tank column, only this rumble was high in the night sky. "They come over with the moon, but they don't stop here. They never stop. It's all right." He sighed, smiled, his eyelids drooped.

He had been billeted with them for the harvest. To-morrow, he'd be gone. Russia, again; and this time . . . across her sleepy eyes there passed again a picture of the golden massed stalks of the wheatfield falling steadily under the swinging scythes. But the corn heads were all capped with little round helmets, grey eyes under the rim, and the sharp blades cut them off neatly at booted foot level. They fell in swathes, line upon line. That's how it was in Russia, he'd said, when the massed guns caught them.

He wouldn't come back, but when her time came, she'd give his name, the name of a dead soldier, and they'd marry her to him, and the child would bear his name. Later on, she'd marry again—if there was any later on.

That's how they deal with the wartime one-night-of-love problem in the land of the Niebelung. Biological necessities come first as the Slav horde blasts at the Teuton horde swarming in to steal their soil and water. With deaths exceeding births by, maybe, three millions a year now, it's the young German soldier's duty to leave his seed behind, in the bosom of the race. Young German women must not shirk their part in the sacred and essential procreation process. So preaches Hitler, through Himmler, the frank pagan. It is estimated that the marriage of German girls to dead soldiers has been running at several thousands a month since the autumn of 1941, and is steadily rising.

No other nation at war handles a common problem with a bluntness quite so grim. In the U.S.S.R., the highlight of wartime love seems to be the regularisation of casual marriages. A friend of mine back from Russia tells me that the most vivid spot in the kaleidoscopic picture he had of the Red capital, as the German guns thundered at the western gates, was the queue in the marriage bureau. A colleague's maid was getting married, and he had gone down to witness the ritual.

"I waited two hours," said my friend, "and then made my excuses. If the groom had been a Red hero, they might have shoved him to the head of the queue. But he was just a tractor driver from the girl's home collective, and he had to wait his turn. It looked as though half Moscow had decided to get married officially before the Boche burst in."

I could see the bureau, typical of those broadcast over Russia since sex and marriage went on trial, along with most other things after the revolutionaries crashed the old order, and out of a decade's debate emerged the conclusion that the State's only interest in matrimony is the welfare of the children. Illegitimacy carries no stigma in the Red Union.

What happens is simple enough. Ivan, the soldier, meets Grisca, the peasant girl in town for war factory work. Mutually attracted, they become lovers; and then, one day, Grisca takes Ivan firmly by the arm and leads him to the bureau—a big room shabbily furnished with several tables and benches. On one side officials—variegated as the emergency workers in a British wartime town hall—register births and marriages; on the other side, deaths and divorce.

"I don't see the need for this registration," grumbles Ivan. "We get along all right."

"It keeps things straighter if you register," says the registrar, "but you don't have to." He looks at the girl. "You understand," he says to her, "that whether you register or not your baby will be cared for, and your rights and obligations are the same? Either of you can divorce the other at any time, without saying why, or getting the other party's consent. But you must say who will keep the child after the divorce, and one or both of you must pay for its support."

"I know," says Grisca. "But I am going to have a baby, and I want our marriage registered. It keeps things clearer."

"I don't mind," agrees Ivan. "Anyway, I have to go back and fight in tanks next week."

The registrar inserts the carbons between the sheets of his pad of forms.

"Will you keep your own name, or take your husband's? You can do either. Your given names? Father's name? Age? Nationality? Occupation? How many marriages before?" They sign the form, whose final declaration runs: "We are married of our own free will. We know the law concerning responsibilities of marriage and children. We know the state of each other's health, and we know the law in this matter." The witnesses sign, the forms are ripped off. Another marriage is registered in the files of the Soviet Union.

Outside, the gun thunder is continuous. Husband Ivan walks back to the factory gate with wife Grisca, who has to make up her lost time at the bench.

IT'S going on all over the war-ripped world. Different countries, different ways, and varying degrees of the problem of the relations between the sexes under the

Decoration by Jack Matthew

shadow of Mars. For a new reaction it's necessary to go to America, which has been at war only since December 7, 1941.

There, in the early summer of 1942, we find the renowned Mrs. Emily Post worried stiff by the problem of the soldier's sweetheart—not officially his sweetheart, because they're not formally engaged, they've only got a sort of an understanding—going off unchaperoned to the town near the boy's camp, to say good-bye before he sails for the war. Mother can't get away, and anyway they can't afford the double fare and hotel bill. The girl must stay overnight in a strange town to see her boy. The risk of emotional impulses apart, what will the neighbours say? This problem floors America's famous authority on etiquette, besides troubling her more than any other problem set her by her younger public. Elsewhere, it wouldn't seem so important, or complex anyway.

The big-circulation, high-class American magazines are going in heavily for articles designed to guide girls who want to please the boys in uniform. A representative article gives this all-round advice: A man on leave doesn't want to walk out with a little soldier in skirts. Uniformed girls should therefore hop out of their uniforms, and look feminine in frocks, with all the etceteras. They should keep their hair short and curled. Go easy on the art, but not eliminate it. Have a weekly manicure, a frequent change of nail polish, a dab-and-rub of lotion or cream after hand-washing. Avoid mandarin-nail growth, and file nails to functional pattern, even with the fingers, and squared off at the corners (practically, normally). Perfume must be light, calculated to make the man become aware that the girl has left him, rather than that she has arrived. There are, however, two views on the latter point. Another authority states: ". . . frankly, if he's in the Services, you won't need it."

THE non-American young lady who follows these simple rules may enchant a "doughboy" millionaire, and even allure a handsome young "chicken" colonel (so-called because his rank mark is the eagle, whereas a lieutenant-colonel bears only a silver edition of the major's gold maple leaf): but marriage presents difficulties.

In converse with the senior chaplain, Colonel Blakeney, the other day, I found that the U.S. military authorities have been doing some serious thinking about the problem as it may affect the A.E.F. here. They don't want to discourage Anglo-American unions, but they have evolved some effective regulations and techniques to block undesirable marriages, made for sex or mercenary reasons, on an emotional impulse, or just to pass the time. Only real love is likely to clear all the hurdles put in the way of the marriage of the American soldier abroad. Up to July last, only five marriages had been recorded in Ulster, although some thousands of American troops have been stationed there for several months. Here's an action picture which may give you some idea.

"Johnny Doughboy to see the commanding officer. This is the man, sir."

The colonel eyes (*Continued on page* 68)

Reproduced by permission of "The Sphere" from a drawing by Montague Dawson.

The *Jervis Bay* in action with a German battleship of the *Graf Spee* class. The heroism of this auxiliary cruiser will rank amongst the most gallant actions of British Naval history

Glorious To-morrow

The Heroes of the One-Man Wars Against Hitler

By George Slocombe

THE life and death of Paddy Finucane have proved two things, if nothing else—that skill and courage have not died out of our race, and that mechanised warfare has not ended the day of the solitary fighting man. On the contrary, it seems to challenge him to ever greater feats of bravery, desperation and endurance. And many and splendid as were the stories of individual heroism during the last war, I believe that the stories of this war have already outnumbered and outmatched them.

Some of the men who performed the greatest solitary exploits of this war are still alive. Some are dead. Others are wounded and out of the battle. Yet others languish in prison camps, or suffer torture in the cells of the Gestapo. Some, like that gallant and courageous Italian Fortunato Picchi who volunteered to join the parachute raid on Italy, have died before a firing squad composed of their own compatriots. Of some the fate is unknown. Here let us consider some of the heroes.

I saw one of them through the eyes of a young English schoolgirl, now living with relatives in a port in Nova Scotia. "This week we were thrilled and saddened," she began a letter to her mother in London. Then she went on to describe how she and another schoolgirl had seen Sunday after Sunday in church, when his ship was in those waters, a quiet, grave-looking, handsome British naval captain. They looked at him shyly, and wondered who he was. One Sunday he was not to be seen, nor on the following Sunday. Then they knew he would never come to church again, and they knew his name He was Captain Fogarty Fegen, V.C., of the *Jervis Bay*.

I thought then, and I still think, that the *Jervis Bay* story was the finest British naval incident of the war. It was so completely in the tradition of the Navy. The *Jervis Bay*, a converted merchant ship of 14,000 tons, armed with a few 6-inch guns, was guarding an England-bound convoy of thirty-eight vessels when a German pocket battleship, probably the *Admiral Scheer*, and armed with 11-inch guns, attacked them.

Ordering the convoy to scatter, and dropping smoke floats to screen the retreating ships, Fogarty Fegen hoisted his battle ensigns and deliberately steamed towards the enemy. A Swedish captain said afterwards: "The sight of that British ship turning at full speed towards her heavily-armed enemy was unforgettable. It was suicide, but it was magnificent."

The first salvo from the concentrated fire of the German battleship struck the *Jervis Bay* with an avalanche of metal, setting the bridge on fire, killing and wounding many officers and men. The captain was terribly wounded, one of his arms almost blown off. But he staggered towards the after-steering position, directed the ship from there until that too was struck. Shell after shell hammered the ship, but the gun crews still fought back. Not until the *Jervis Bay* was actually sinking was the order given to abandon her. By then the greater part of the ship's company had been killed; Fogarty Fegen was last seen to stagger towards the fore part of the deck when another 11-inch shell exploded and he literally vanished from sight. By his action he had saved thirty-three out of the thirty-eight ships in his charge and won the V.C.

(*Right*) Captain Fogarty Fegen, V.C., commander of the *Jervis Bay*. By his brave action, in which he gave his life, he saved thirty-three out of the thirty-eight ships in his charge

Individual exploits in the war at sea are so numerous and so admirable that the task of selection is arduous. The small Jugoslav Navy furnished two of the most remarkable. When the Tsvetkovitch Government signed the dishonourable and quickly repudiated pact with the Axis the Italians, who had mustered a strong force of warships outside Kattaro harbour, ordered the Jugoslav destroyer *Zagreb* to surrender. The commander, obeying his government's orders, agreed. Two of his lieutenants secretly resolved to destroy the ship before it (*Continued on page* 54)

Fortunato Picchi, the gallant and courageous Italian who volunteered to join the parachute raid on Italy and died before a firing squad composed of his own compatriots

Jan Grudzinski, the Polish naval lieutenant, who planned, directed and carried out, possibly the greatest single achievement of the war, the escape of the Polish submarine *Orzel*

Calf Love

The Trials and Troubles of getting an obstacle in the sea shifted

By George Stern

"THAT," said the Wren to the leading telegraphist as she lifted the receiver, "sounds like more trouble."

The leading tel. sat back and waited. He liked to see how the women ran this war.

"Hello—— Yes—I'm afraid he isn't in just now—— Well, sir, I think he's——"

"'Avin' a corffee at the club," muttered the leading tel.

"He's 'avin' a corf—— Shut up, Sparks, will you!—— He's down at the quay, sir——"

"Not bad," said the leading tel. with grudging admiration.

"Is there anything I can do, sir?" went on the Wren. "Yes, I'm one of them—— The dark one, sir—— No, she's not on watch to-day, sir—— That's awfully nice of you—— Well, I think I know what it is—— Yes, sir—— Yes—— How long?—— Oh, dear! It must be bad—— No, sir, we mustn't let that happen. Well actually, sir, I don't think it's our part of the beach. No, sir—we only go as far as the—er—er——"

"Upper loadin' jetty," interposed the leading tel. reluctantly.

"——the upper loading jetty, sir—you can see it on the chart, sir——"

"'Ow clever!" remarked the leading tel.

"Well, I think the commander would say—— I'm very sorry, sir, I was only telling you what I thought the position was—— But mightn't it be the Army, sir. I've seen the R.A.s there often—— Oh, very good, sir, if those are your orders——"

She slammed the phone down and turned fiercely on the leading tel.

"Well! Can you beat that! Never know where you are with these old b——"

"Don't say it, miss, don't say it!"

"Stop interrupting will you! First they try and flirt and then they explode and tick you off—but I'm not standing for it—and he can do his own dirty work! Not our pigeon at all! Talking to me like that! I'll——"

"Report him to yer commandin' hofficer for hinsolence to a lidy!"

"Good idea! I will."

She picked up the phone again, and the leading tel. sat back to enjoy the next act.

"Oh, I'm sorry to bother you, sir, but the group captain's just been on the phone about the—— Oh, has he, sir—— Yes, that's what he asked me to do—— Very good, sir, I'll get on right away."

"So yer got to do what the old b—— wants, eh?" There was a certain satisfied sarcasm in the leading tel's. voice.

"Nothing of the kind! I'm carrying out the commander's orders!

"——Hello, hello—R.A. headquarters? Can I speak to the—er——"

"Dooty officer," interposed the leading tel. wearily.

"——the duty officer, please—— What? Well, whatever you do call them—and no cheek from you——" She turned to the leading tel.

"Clever, aren't you? They don't call them duty officers in the Army——"

"Hello—oh, this is N.O.I.C.'s office, sir—— Really, sir? Well, if I may say so, you're the first to have the courage to admit it—Naval Officer in Charge, sir—— Oh, in charge of everything, sir—— Well, I'm a sort of secretary, sir—— Oh, no, sir, I don't wear one of those, I'm just an ordinary Wren, sir——"

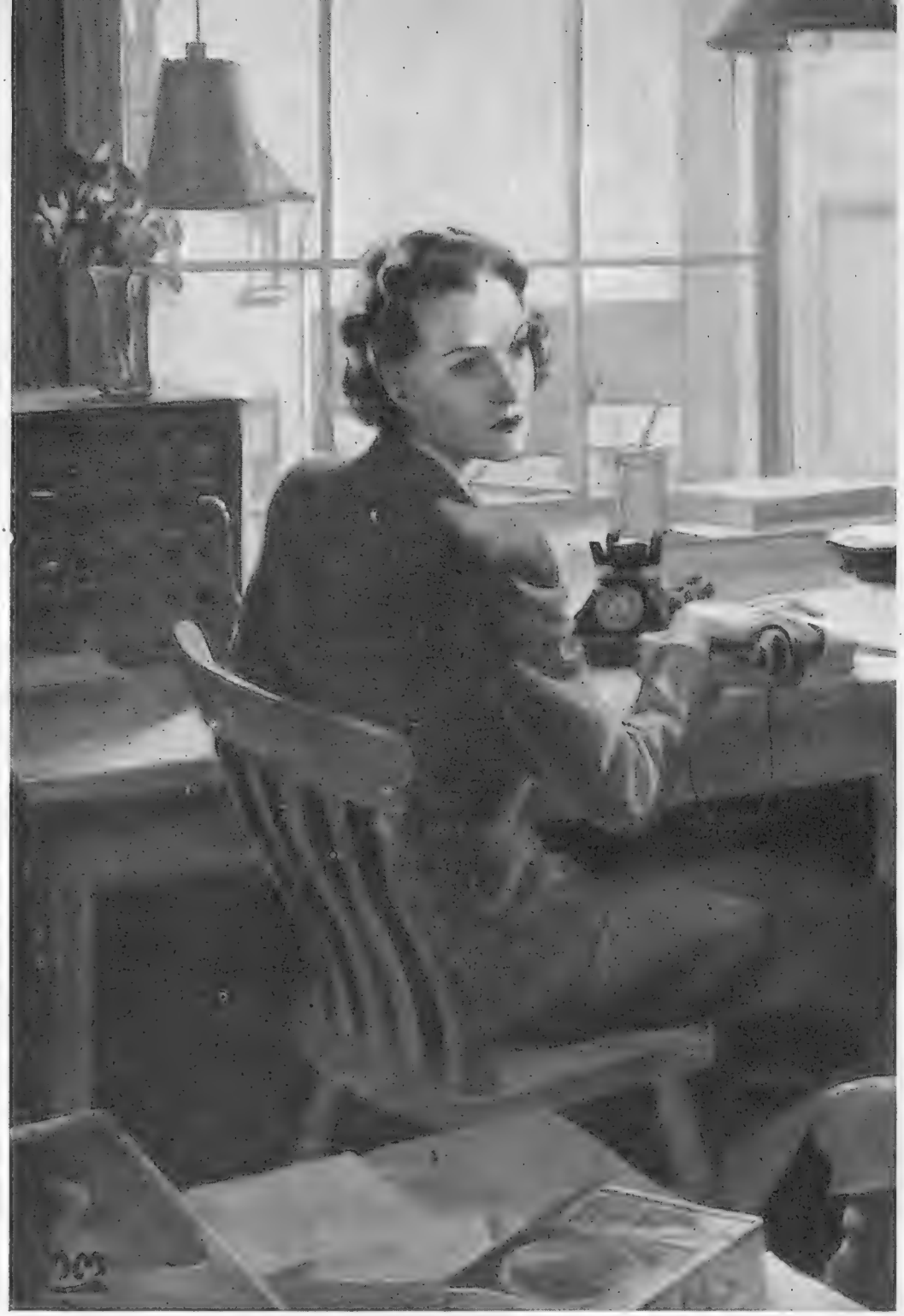
The leading tel. sniggered loudly.

"——Yes, sir, the group captain just phoned about it—— Well, he was just a bit, when I spoke to him—— Oh, please don't, sir, I expect he was upset about his flying boats—— Well, when he said he'd hold us responsible if any of them hit it while they were landing, I told him we had no jurisdiction over——"

"Blimey—the girl's hedicated."

The leading tel. sat back and waited. He liked to see how the women ran this war

Illustrated by M. Mackinlay



"Will you shut up, Sparks!"

"—— Pardon, sir?—— Oh—er—er—I—someone just interrupted me for a moment—— Yes, sir, yes—— Well, he said they did try with their gas masks on, but the tide came—— Oh the R.E.s, sir?—— Yes, I'll try them—thank you, sir."

The leading tel. grinned at her.

"What did he say when yer told 'im yer was a hordinary Wren?"

"Something very nice, which you wouldn't understand! Suppose I'll have to phone the R.E.s now——"

The phone rang loudly. The R.E.s were there first.

"——hello—— Oh—— Yes, sergeant, I was just going to ring you—— What!—— No, certainly not—they're your pontoons, or whatever you call them, all over the beach there, so—— Really, is that so?—— Well, listen to me, if—— Hello!—— Hello!"

She rattled the receiver fiercely.

"Slammed the phone dahn in yer fice, 'as 'e?" said the leading tel. with undisguised satisfaction.

She treated the question with the appropriate degree of scorn and carried on phoning.

"——Sorry to keep worrying you, sir, but I've spoken to the R.A.s and the R.E.s and they both say it's not their—— Oh, is it, sir?—— Yes, I see—quite, sir—a pity we didn't know before—— Y-y-yes, sir—I'll tell them at once—er—shall I use your exact words, sir——"

The leading tel. chuckled. He was almost beginning to approve of this young woman.

"Now," she said, as if squaring her shoulders for the next stage of the battle.

"It's not the R.A.s, it's not the R.E.s and it's certainly not the R.N.——"

"Must be the L.M.S." suggested the leading tel.

"As a matter of fact, Sparks, for once in your life you're right! It is the railway and they've jolly well got to shift it! Wonder where we ring up——"

"If you'll tell me wot it is as 'as ter be shifted," he said a trifle sheepishly, "I may be able to——"

"Aha! You're beginning to take an interest now," she replied with mock dignity. "Well, I'll tell you when I'm ready to."

She picked up the phone book.

"Here we are—this'll be it—Pier Goods Depot—I know; that's the hut by the quay—nice little man with a bowler hat and a lovely moustache—he'll do anything for me.

"Hello—— Oh, er, are you the gentleman who looks after the docks, please? This is N.O.I.C.'s office—— Yes, it's about removing that—— Oh—but the commander said it was your —— Oh, him? I see, he's a civilian, isn't he?"

"The lucky b——," murmured the leading tel.

"Well, yes, in that case I suppose we must——"

She put the phone down with an almost despairing air.

"Phew! Is this job ever going to end——"

"'Taint the R.E.s, 'taint the R.A.s, 'taint the R.N., 'taint the rylwy," chanted the leading tel.

"'Tis the dockmaster," she said brightly. "At least, I hope it is—there's no one else left."

"C.O. Fighters on the phone for you, sir," she called out to the commander when he appeared

"Known 'im for years! Now, if yer'll just tell me what——"

At once her attitude stiffened again—she'd started the job alone and she'd see it through alone.

"And I know him, too," she lied unflinchingly and snatched up the phone for a last desperate effort.

"Hello, are you Mr. Dockmaster, please—— Oh, this is N.O.I.C.'s office—— Yes, I'm one of the young ladies—— Why, yes, of course I remember! How are you!"

She put her tongue out triumphantly at the leading tel.

"—— No, it was my friend who fell in the water—wasn't it frightful—don't know what we'd have done without you—you won't ever tell anybody, will you?—— Well, this time it's something quite different—give you three guesses!—— Right first time! Why?—— Oh well, I really didn't want to trouble you and I thought it was the Army's job—— You have? That's simply grand—I'm sure the captain will be pleased—— Right out to sea?—— And it'll never come back?—— That's fine—thank you so much—— I certainly will—— Good-bye!"

"There you are, Sparks—it's done!" She heaved a great sigh of relief. Victory had softened her mood and she spoke quite sweetly to him now—and after all, he really was a dear.

"Now, all I've got to do is to report to the commander and then I'll tell you all about it."

This time she lifted the phone with a jaunty air.

But the leading tel. was not to be satisfied yet. For pleased though the commander was he considered the group captain would be even more pleased.

"So, I've just one more call," she said, taking some pleasure in tantalising him, "to tell the group captain that his flying boats can now land in perfect safety—if the pilots know how—lot of amateurs, I think—why, the fighter——"

"Nah then! Nah then! Don't you run dahn the Har.A.F.—me lad's a sergeant pilot, bin in all them sweeps over France ——"

"I was just going to say, Sparks," she continued unruffled, "when you so rudely interrupted me, that the flying-boat men aren't a patch on the fighter pilots when it comes to——

"Good gracious! Fighter pilot—that reminds me." She looked at her watch. "He promised to phone at half past—bet he's been trying all this time and can't get through."

BUT fighter pilots never give up and she had scarcely spoken when the phone rang again. Her heart beat a little faster and she fixed her eyes penetratingly on the leading tel. But he refused to take the hint and sat there, taking obvious pleasure in a very deliberate twiddling of his thumbs. She hesitated a moment and then:

"Hellooh, hello—darling——" she didn't care whether the leading tel. heard or not. But he'd been young once himself and in a moment or two had decided that the state of the weather outside required a few moment's investigation.

"——it's grand to hear your voice again," she went on delightedly, "but I haven't seen you for ages—well, not since last night anyway—— Yes, I know—the line's been busy all the time—— Well, as a matter of fact, it's been for the R.A.F.'s benefit—— No, darling, flying boats—to put it literally and metaphorically we've been removing a danger from their path—— Yes, that's it, how did you know about it—— What! What on earth do you mean?—— How could you?—— Landing mark?—— Now don't tell me you could see it from—— Well, you've been flying much too low, that's all!—— Now, now! Temper! How was I to know?—— Just a nasty, horrible object, and dangerous to—— Hello! Hello!—— Yes, darling, I can hear it now—— Good luck! God bless!—— See you soon——"

She flopped down in a chair.

"Wot's up, miss?" asked the leading tel. as he sauntered back. "Yer tremblin' like a leaf."

"Yes," she murmured weakly. "Just heard his alarm gong go—always upsets me a bit when I know he's up——"

"Don' you worry, miss—they've gone for convoy protection dooty, that's all—rooteen flight—

(*Continued on page 52*)

My Island Home

By
Rosita Forbes
—World Wide Traveller, who has been Engaged in Canada and Britain Lecturing to the Forces

THERE are nearly 3,000 islands in the Bahamas. Some are just scraps of coral rock, upholstered in bush. Round-backed like turtles, they look as if they are drifting on jewelled seas. The water is liquid light . . . green, blue, purple and amber.

Like Robinson Crusoe, I always wanted an island, but it sounded expensive! Then I found Eleuthera, which means "Adventure." It is, I believe, about eighty-seven miles long, but nobody seems very certain. At one end there is an American farm, with some hundreds of acres cleared for grain, and a herd of cattle which supply Nassau with milk.

The rest of Eleuthera is much like Eden. A very rough lane wanders along the southern coast. If you have no regard for tyres or springs, you can drive a truck over it at the pace of our grandparents' trotters. There are sun-bleached, shabby wooden villages where pigs, goats and dark-skinned children run wild. Pine-apples are threepence each. On calm days, you trawl a hook in the sea and catch a week's dinners. Lobsters are speared with the help of a glass-bottomed bucket to break the ripple, and at times sell seven for the shilling. The toffee-brown and caramel-brown islanders don't like working. They much prefer to sit about, waiting for "de Lawd" to drop a living into their laps. The mail comes once a week—if it is rough, once a fortnight. The last time I saw a village clock it had stopped. Across the face was scrawled: "Don't worry, folks. It's still 1939." It was not. It was early 1941.

(*Top*) A view of the house on the Island of Eleuthera. A close-up of the entrance to the house, showing the pair of pepper-pot towers. Round cedar-wood water tanks were specially built into these towers

IN the centre of the island the land rises into soft rolling hills, closely wadded with bush. You have to cut your way through this with axe and knife. Between the high ground and the north shore—its mile after mile of pearl-smooth beach sheltering under a flood of palmettos—lies a chain of lakes.

In the spring of 1939, I sat on a sandhill beside the three-mile stretch of Grannie-Long-Pond and the amazing flower-coloured sea. Around me lay the boneless tea-brown or coffee-brown men who had guided me through what was then jungle. They said: "Why you'se not come and live here? We'se all work for you. Then we'se have something to eat."

"Why not?" I thought.

And suddenly I realised that I had found all I needed. For out of that wilderness I could make roads, fields and plantations. I could build a house, using lime burned from the stone on the hills and cement blocks with the sand from the shore. It would be like another day in the Book of Genesis. I should have all the delights of creation.

It took me six months to buy the land, for titles were uncertain. Whole families owned a common inheritance. There were no boundaries, and for several generations nobody had explored the bush.

At last I found myself in possession of (*Continued on page* 64)

Photos by Mary Virginia Taylor

The author's bedroom in her Island home

A view of the sixty-foot living-room which is 14 feet high with a polished pine floor. The furniture is from the author's famous London home, which was destroyed by a bomb

Old Tales Re-told

The monastery of La Rabida, where Christopher Columbus found hospitality and help.

Second Instalment of

The Trials and Triumphs of

Christopher Columbus,

Discoverer of the New World

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

COLUMBUS'S plan was to reach by sea the country which Marco Polo had reached by land, and to establish social and business relations with all the states ruled by the Grand Khan, known also as the King of Kings, wealthiest monarch in the world. His aim was to spread the religion of Christ and unite those scattered groups of Christians which, according to Toscanelli, already existed, and which were ready to receive with open arms anyone at the head of such a pious movement.

He held a letter addressed to the Grand Khan signed by Ferdinand and Isabella; but there was no mention in it of his plans for christianising a large part of the globe.

It was quite clear that the only purpose of the Spanish Court was its own enrichment. Columbus was to locate rich mines and send to Spain an uninterrupted procession of ships laden with gold and gems. He was to discover fresh territory and annexe it, thus laying the foundations of a new empire to be exploited by Spain. He was given a free hand to take possession of any lands he could find, excepting those already under the rule of Christian nations.

Columbus was not dismayed by these voracious ambitions. He knew too well that, had he insisted on the more spiritual aspect of the expedition, he might well have wrecked it before it sailed.

It was at Palos that he had to assemble the ships, equip them and provide the necessary crews. Thus, one Sunday morning after service in the church of St. George, the notary public of Palos read to the worshippers a royal decree. It commanded that the town of Palos should place in readiness two armed caravels, for which the arms, victuals and supplies would

Crying wives and relatives crowded the pier, still trying to persuade their men to withdraw from the expedition

be provided by the City of Seville. The time set was ten days, starting from March 25, and the ships were to be handed over to the royal Captain, Cristobal Colon, who had been ordered to reside at the cloister of La Rabida. By royal decree the crews of the said ships were bound to absolute obedience to the said Captain Cristobal Colon, who was fully empowered to sail wherever he chose.

The decree hit the peaceful little town of Palos like a thunderbolt. Who was this Cristobal Colon? Where did he come from? Above all, where was he going? There was only one man who could throw any light on this mysterious affair, and that was Martin Pinzon, autocratic and wealthy dealer in sardines, who always knew everything before anyone else and had a finger in every pie. However, in this case, even Martin Pinzon and his numerous relatives preserved a cautious silence.

On the following day Captain Colon, accompanied by the municipal authorities, made an inspection of the ships in port, in order to select those most seaworthy. The authorities told the shipowners that the object of the voyage was not known, except for the fact that the ships were to sail in a straight line due west. They were to be hired for two months, and the town of Palos was to be held responsible for possible damage. And what if the ships should not return? Surely Their Most Christian Majesties would not ask of the loyal and hard-working townsfolk of Palos such a monstrous sacrifice?

But it was useless to ask questions. The royal decree was absolute. There was rumour of the crews being recruited by press-gangs; for every able-bodied man was trying to evade the summons by some means or other. As a consequence of this state of affairs, the preparations for sailing took much longer than had been anticipated. After many weeks Martin Pinzon announced that he and his two brothers were to take an important part in the expedition, and that there was nothing to fear for the safety of the ships, which would be in skilled and capable hands.

The entry of the Pinzons into the enterprise proved sufficient guarantee. They were not likely to take risks unless fabulous profits were to be expected.

Martin Pinzon was the last man Columbus would have wished to join him, but the money put up by the Court was not enough, and he himself had been obliged to provide one-eighth of the expenses. Martin Pinzon had offered to finance him, on the condition that he received a proportionate share of any profits. Reluctantly, Columbus had accepted the terms, for he was eager to be off, and his frayed nerves could not withstand a further postponement of the voyage.

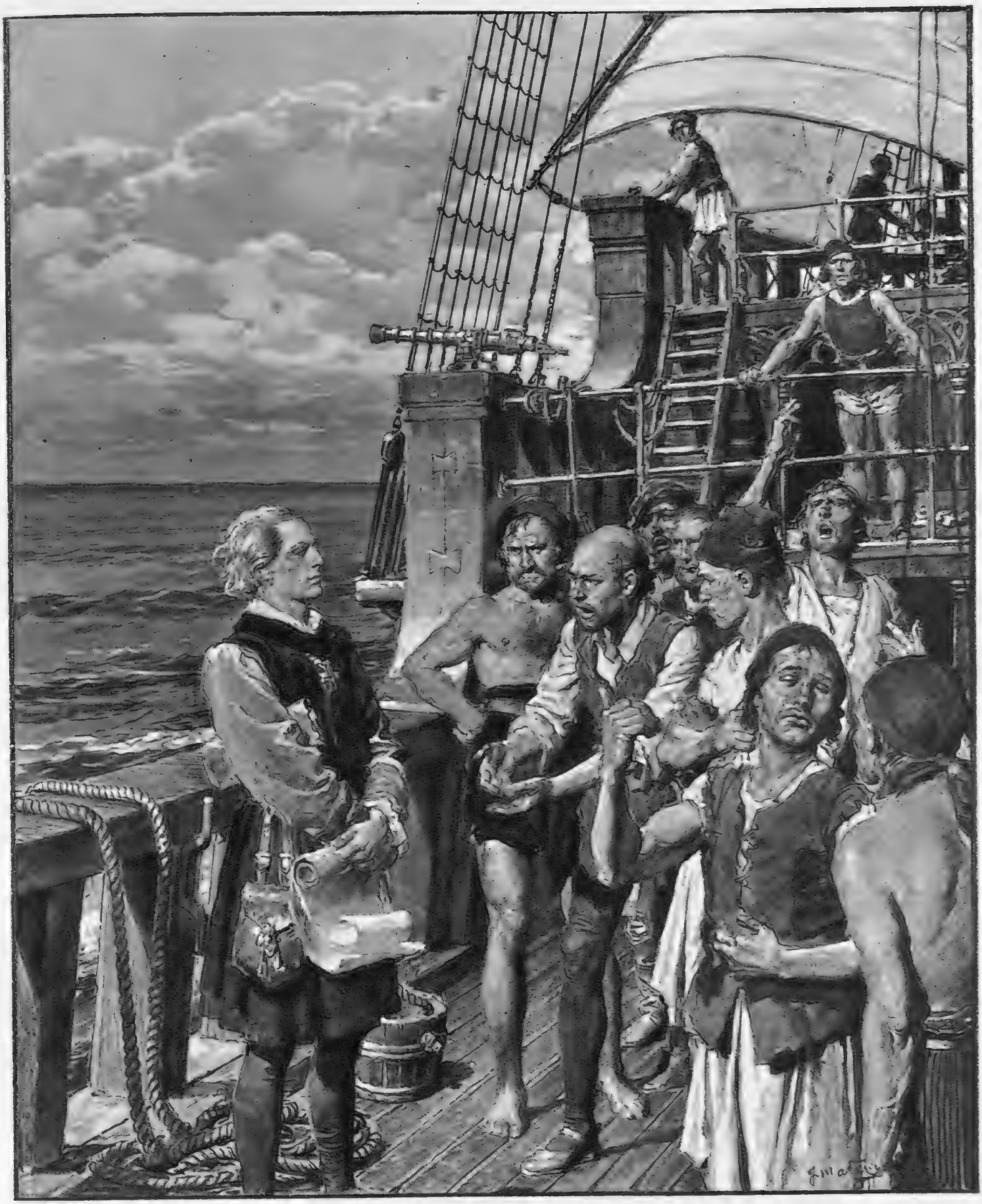
The first ship he chose was the *Pinta*, a caravel of 150 tons, of which Pinzon was to have command. For himself he selected a roomy, high-quartered cargo-boat called the *Santa Maria*, together with her owner and crew. This was to be his flagship. Another was found, called the *Nina*; rather small, of 100 tons only, but as fast as the other two, and she was entrusted to the command of Vincent Pinzon.

Columbus supervised the supplies of weapons, provisions and ammunition. He had many barrels filled with beads, necklaces and showy trinkets, discarded uniforms, hats, scarves—anything that was likely to tickle the fancy of primitive people.

There was, however, another difficulty to surmount. Despite the influence of the Pinzons, the recruiting of the crews had been almost a failure. Promises of wealth by Columbus were met with incredulous indifference. The few who had volunteered had only done so in order to escape the law—but even these were welcomed.

A temporary amnesty, granted by another royal decree, provided a few more hands, and a number of adventurers, young and old, eventually made up the number. After all, Captain Colon was taking his own son Diego with him; so perhaps the voyage was *not* a mere suicide party. At last 150 men were assembled, seventy of them being allotted to the *Santa Maria*. On August 2 all the officers and men were ordered to repair to the church of La Rabida for confession and mass. It was an

As he sailed along the coast of Teneriffe, the volcano on that island burst into such a terrific eruption that it appeared to set the sea on fire with boiling lava

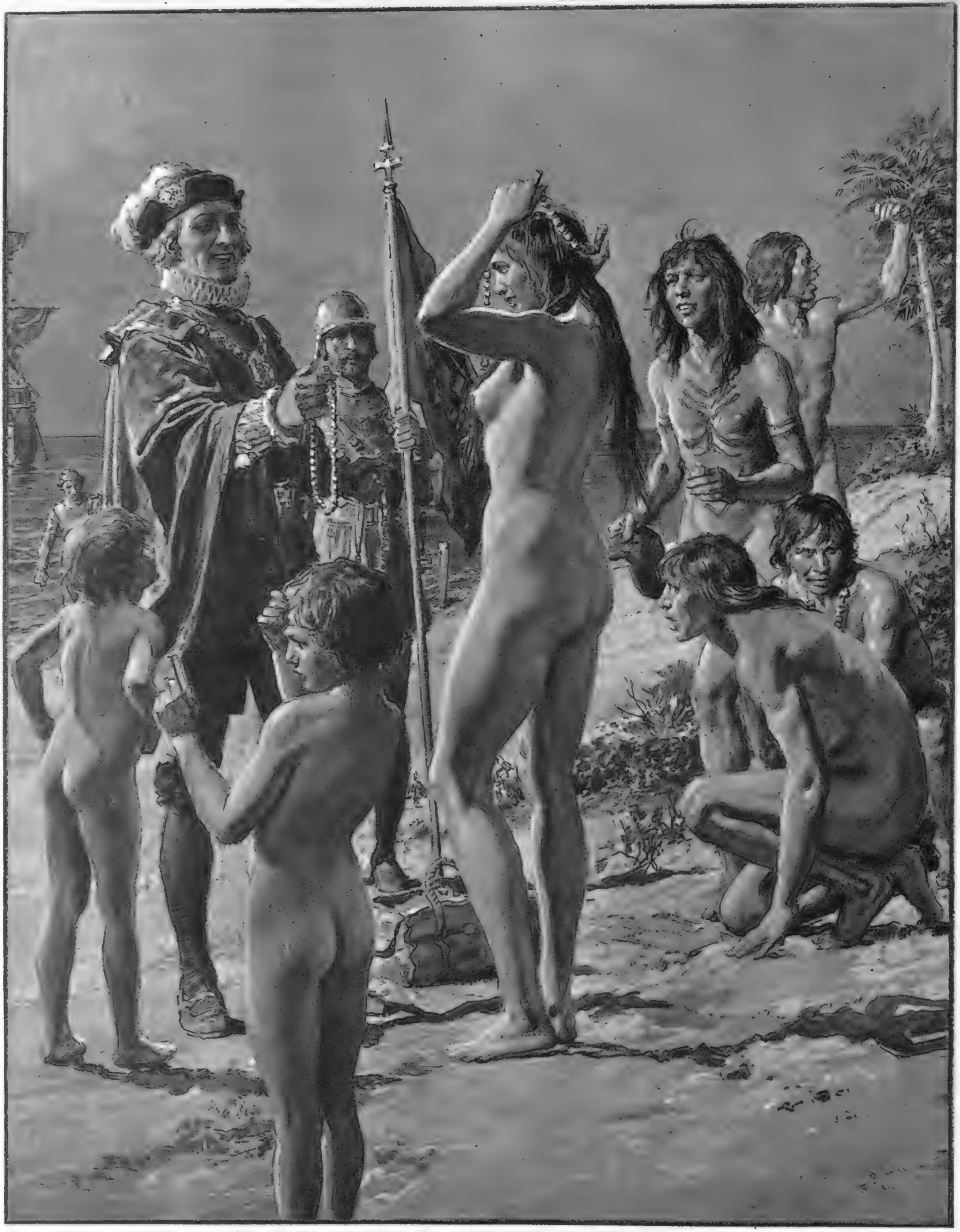


It was not yet an actual mutiny, but the request by the crew to put back was made in menacing tones

inspiring ceremony, and every heart throbbed in response to the speech of Prior Juan Perez, who had worked so hard himself to assist this noble project.

It had been a sleepless night for many, for everyone had to be aboard by dawn to-morrow. Crying wives and relatives crowded the pier, still trying to persuade their men to withdraw from the expedition. Prejudice was against starting anything on a Friday, and August 3 fell this year on that black day. Why had this accursed Italian chosen it?

The authorities came to bid them farewell. The Prior of La Rabida blessed the crews. Columbus went on board. The ropes were loosened, sails unfurled and slowly the *Niña* slipped away from her moorings, followed by the *Santa Maria* and last by the *Pinta*. . . .



Columbus presented them with red caps, and strings of glass beads, which they at once hung around their necks

The sailing order was to make for the Canary Islands. Toscanelli's charts had suggested that it might be best to attempt the ocean crossing from this point, as it was supposed to be the shortest route. Columbus had also wisely decided to test out his ships and crews with land in sight, in case anything should go wrong. His premonition was correct. On the third day the rudder of the *Pinta* broke. The damage was repaired; but later on a leak was sprung on the same ship. A bad beginning. Hoping to find another ship to replace the *Pinta*, he made for Grand Canary as fast as possible. He had no luck; so the damage was repaired as best he could. He stopped at Gomera to renew his stocks of provisions, and there heard that a Portuguese squadron had been hunting for him in order to intercept and seize his ships. The Portuguese were determined to safeguard their possessions on the (*Continued on page* 58)

Dogs register for war service. A call has gone out for more dogs—big dogs who can assist in guard duties and message carrying. The Government has asked for the loan of such for the duration of the war

A dog which has received the Canine V.C. The honour of the first award of its kind—the V.C. of the canine world—has gone to the pet of a Fighting French submarine. He is Bacchus, awarded the "Valiant Dogs' Decoration" of the Canine Defence League for his wartime services. He has over 2,000 hours submerged in enemy waters to his credit and has been presented to the King and Queen, who shook his paw. The officer with Bacchus is the captain of the submarine

Animals In Total War

By Renie Young

"THIS is a struggle of petrol," you hear. Yes, but that is not to say that the birds and beasts just look on from the sidelines. They are apt to be very much in it. When not as active participants in the folly of human kind, then as victims of this. I don't mean piled-up carcasses on the battlefield—thank goodness there will not be many more such pictures—so much as the effects of total war on animal foodstuffs. Lucky the lion who can make his kill with no hunters on safari to kill *him*, but not many in the animal world share his luck these times. Starvation and wholesale extermination have been the rule, in Europe at any rate.

The birds are seemingly the best off. Depending less on the human hand for their sustenance, they don't mind even bombs provided the blast is not too near. They can fly away from everything else, including aeroplanes "which in daytime are often treated as hawks, the birds cowering down out of sight" (Julian Huxley).

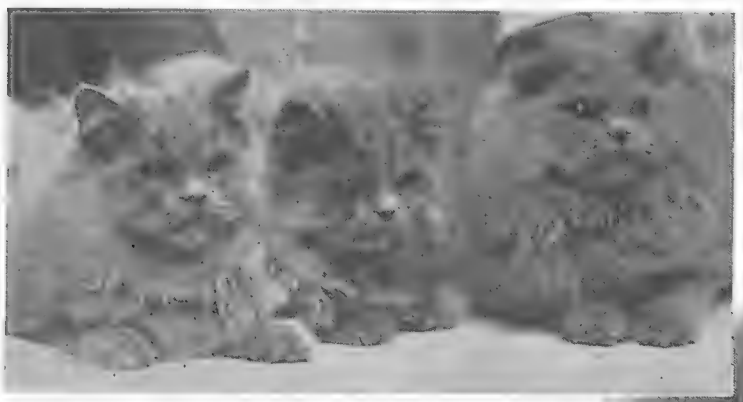
Birds win, too, as active participants. The carrier-pigeon heads the list as life saver and for usefulness. Pigeons are released from aircraft whilst in flight and birds have a more difficult job than in the last war, owing to the greater speed of aircraft and their longer range. Sometimes the birds are wrapped in paper to protect them, great care being necessary when they are taking off. The birds drop like a stone at first; then, as the paper flutters away they stretch out their wings. In case birds alight on ships instructions for transmitting their messages are printed on the back of SOS forms.

Trawlers often use pigeons to contact vessels without wireless. Trained birds can cover 500 miles in an emergency, but it is not usual for them to fly so far. They can do anything from forty to sixty miles an hour. A remarkably good feat was put up by a bird which flew from an aircraft brought down in Holland. Travelling over two countries and across the sea it arrived back with a message to an East Midland station in four hours ten minutes after covering 340 miles in a strange direction. A young pigeon battling a Channel gale covered 175 miles of sea in eight and a half hours.

Wild bird laws have been altered in order to protect war pigeons from the peregrine falcon which is shot by trained watchers. No one may shoot a pigeon (in Germany it means two years in prison even for a foreign bird) if only because the lives of airmen may be endangered.

A typical example concerns a Beaufort bomber which was forced down in the North Sea. Just as the wireless operator was sending out his last message saying they were going down in the "drink," their carrier-pigeon, Winkie, was released, but unfortunately escaped before a message could be attached. She arrived back covered with oil, her number was checked and average flying

(*Continued on page* 67)



Many well-cared-for cats have disappeared, whose glossy coats attracted loiterers in touch with the bogus "fur" market, especially when they got their winter coats

(*Right*) Dogs are now ready for war duty with the R.A.F. Dog lovers have been selected from volunteers and each man will remain with the dog with which he was trained

The Little Sisters

A PALL hung over the city of Calcutta, for it was the end of June, and the rains were breaking. So great was the humidity, that the rich "box wallahs" who inhabited the large white houses, took spare shirts and bath towels with them to the club, against the effect of their evening game of tennis. Those of their ladies who had not gone home for the hot weather wilted in their customary pursuit of pleasure as they breakfasted at Tollygunge, lunched at Firpo's, or danced through the sweltering hours of the nights. Even the Bengalis in the flower market were sweating as they snipped away the outside petals of their roses, and sprayed them with water to make them look like dewy buds.

Major Ransome, the well-known race-horse trainer, was in a cheerful mood in spite of the heat as he dropped into a chair beside his wife at the Saturday Club. Three whiskies and sodas in the bar, and a profitable piece of horse-coping had contributed to this happy state, also perhaps, the certainty in his mind that Tandem, a horse owned by one of the richest rajahs in India, would pull off the Viceroy's Cup the following Saturday.

Mrs. Ransome was a woman who had once been pretty; no less, but almost certainly no more. "Almost," because there was a prematurely closed-up look about her, suggesting fruit that has dried before it ever ripened. She looked what she was, the wife of a rich racing man (for she had the narrow hips, the long legs, and the tight lips of the horsey), and a woman who had been too long in India. It was said that she lived upon her nerves, a nebulous phrase applied to many women in Calcutta who never rested from their pleasures.

"Does any one in the bar think that Tandem has a chance on Saturday?" she asked her husband.

The crafty expression that was seldom absent from Major Ransome's face when ever he spoke of a horse, appeared.

"I didn't exactly broadcast his chances. If you want to put some money on him, do it quietly."

"I'm so hot I must move. Come on—let's hurry and get back."

He followed her out to their large open car, meeting several men he knew on the way. He had a word with each of them, until his wife called: "Bob—for God's sake, come *on*!" The hot weather made you irritable.

THE general idea among the racing fraternity was that old Bob Ransome was a good picker, with an eye for a horse that was second to none, and a pretty crafty brain to go with it. He didn't make many mistakes, and he was a stiff proposition to get the better of. He'd shown sense in leaving the Army as a major, and devoting his knowledge of horse mastery to the career of training. He often said himself that he had spent half a lifetime in gazing at the glossy hindquarters of battery "hairies," but all the same, it was known that he had made a packet, even as a subaltern, over polo ponies, so that his time in the Army could not be said to have been entirely wasted.

At the age of fifty-five he was well established in the racing world. His large house, standing in its luxurious garden, with many loose boxes in the compound beyond, was one of the most enviable in Calcutta. Many women thought that Mrs. Ransome was also much to be envied; she had no children to cause her anxiety and drag her back to England when they were ill; she could entertain lavishly, wear beautiful clothes, and—as Bob Ransome's wife—she counted as a personage.

Illustrated by

As she passed the race-horse she appeared to swerve right into him. This was too much for Tandem, who gave an almighty buck, deposited Rahim upon the track, and bolted

W. Smithson-Broadhead

Their Unquestioning Faith Wrought a Miracle on a Hard Boiled Race-horse Trainer

By Eve Orme

"Coming to see him gallop to-morrow?" Major Ransome asked his wife, as his car passed through the gates of his house.

"I might—if I can find the energy to get up."

"Call me at six," he said to the bearer who attended on him while he was changing.

Each morning saw him on the race-course watching the training of his stud.

BEYOND the walls of Major Ransome's compound, there was a small, ramshackle house, badly in need of a coat of whitewash. Possessing no garden, it stood in a compound of burnt stubble, through which, owing to the miracle of the rains, green blades of grass were now appearing. It seemed a shoddy house for Europeans to inhabit in the first city of the Empire, where most people—if they were white—were also rich, yet eight white women lived there who called themselves "The Little Sisters of Humanity."

If Bob Ransome thought of them at all, he probably thought of them as "Those rum old girls who drive about in a tonga tied together with string, and drawn by a poor old screw," for the conveyance which carried the little sisters on their errands of mercy to the sick, the poor, and the unhappy, regardless of colour or creed, was as old and shabby as their house, and the horse who drew it was already past his work.

Few people in European society in Calcutta troubled about them, beyond an occasional subscription to their good works; somehow they didn't come within the general orbit.

While Major Ransome and his wife were taking their evening baths in their separate bathrooms (his black and silver, and hers a delicious eau de nil with a white rug upon the floor), in the house next door Sister Mary looked at Sister Hermione almost in despair.

"But how," she asked, "can we go on?"

Sister Hermione was the leader of the small community. The expression on her pale face was calm and trusting as she answered: "There is no question, Sister Mary, of our not continuing our work. You show a lack of faith in even considering such a possibility."

Rebuked, Sister Mary moved to the open window. The stifling, humid air floated into the room. It was a breeze, even if a hot one, and the feel of it was as cool as a fan against her damp forehead.

"But now that Grey Morn has had to be destroyed—without a horse—the distances are so great—how can we? If we could only buy another horse——"

"You think it right that we should spend money that is needed for the poor upon a horse? I tell you we should rather walk—even until we drop!"

There was a burning light in Sister Hermione's dark eyes. Her figure was impressive, for small though she was, she wore her black habit with a certain majesty.

"Go and ask the other sisters to come here," she commanded.

When Sister Mary had left the room, Sister Hermione took her place at the window, and gazed unseeingly at the glowing ball that was the sun setting through the breaks in the heavy clouds. "Ask, and it shall be given unto you—full measure—running over." She spoke the comforting words fervently to herself.

The sisters entered the room quietly, and stood waiting. Sister Hermione turned to them, her black figure blotting out

the quickly fading light, and darkening the already dusky room. Her voice was strong as she spoke. "We have suffered a great sadness in losing our gallant old friend, Grey Morn. Perhaps some of you are wondering how we shall carry on our work without him. We should not ask ourselves this question, for the answer is with God, to whose work we are dedicated." She paused. Seven pairs of tired eyes regarded her. "We know that there can be direct answer to prayer, therefore we shall spend the night in this room together, in earnest prayer to God that He may see fit to send us another horse. With God all things are possible. We shall leave the gate of the compound open so that the horse may enter as soon as he is sent. Sister Mary, will you go and open it?"

Silently Sister Mary left the room, to return some moments later.

The little sisters were tired and footsore, for through the long heat of the Calcutta day they had toiled about the streets. Yet they did not question Sister Hermione's edict. Quietly, they followed her example, and dropped upon their knees on to the scrubbed boards.

Silence and darkness filled the room. In the first hours of the morning, moonbeams lit up their still kneeling figures.

A horse, sweating unaccountably, was quietly nibbling the new blades of grass

BOB RANSOME, unaccompanied by his wife, was on the race-course punctually at six-thirty the next day to look Tandem over before his head syce mounted him.

A picture of a horse, he thought. Old Rahim is good with him, too. Which tribute was not more than just, for Rahim knew Tandem as a mother knows her child.

The race-course was crowded with other equestrian performers, not all of them accomplished. It was the fashion to hack before breakfast to shake up that much talked of organ, the liver. The major watched the unskilled efforts of a young man to cope with a bobbery country-bred mare, at first with some amusement, afterwards with rancour. Why the deuce can't these chaps go to a riding school before they turn out and make fools of themselves in public, he wondered. That mare'll be away with him in a second if he lies on her mouth like that.

On the other side of the course he noticed that Rahim had pulled Tandem up to a "tittupy" walk. "Keen as mustard, right on his toes," the major commented to himself. Then he saw that something was exciting the horse, for Rahim seemed to be having a rough passage. In a second the reason was apparent.

"Blasted young fool!" Major Ransome swore, as he saw that the country-bred the boy was riding was completely out of control and that her galloping feet behind Tandem were the cause of his excitement. Through his glasses the major could see that the horse was fighting against Rahim's restraining hands and legs, and that he was all for a race with the mare who was nearly level with him. The boy on her was flopping helplessly around her neck, and as she passed the race-horse, she appeared to swerve right into him. This was too much for Tandem, who gave an almighty buck, deposited Rahim upon the track, and bolted.

The major swore more forcibly. Damn that fool of a boy. He'd no ruddy business to take a horse out at all if he couldn't ride. If Tandem turned off the course on to the main road, he'd lame himself for a certainty, and it'd be the end of his chances in the race. He'd have to be scratched, and the incident would take some explaining to his owner, and to a good many other people as well.

Rahim had picked himself up, and came running back to the grandstand in the direction of his master. He was in a frenzy. There was no doubt in his mind of the perils of the road.

"Huzoor—not my fault, Huzoor—Sahib kick my stirrup—Tandem give big buck——"

"Chup!—you'd no business to come off like that. Sitting loose—slopping about—it's your own damned fault!" shouted the major. "Come on—get on to Firefly, and (*Continued on page* 61)

The red squirrel, lovely indeed as the autumn sunshine gleams on his golden-red coat, his feathery ears and bushy tail, running down a branch to one of its larders

Autumn Days

The bracken and the fern hold many secrets these September days

By B. Melville Nicholas

IT was an autumn day and a stile in the roadside hedge invited me to leave behind for a brief while the fears and worries of wartime, and follow a winding path through the woods.

Autumn tints had transformed the countryside. The bracken on which the frost had rested, had changed to golden copper and mingled with it were the beauties of frond and foliage and the even richer luxuriant hues of many berries.

No matter in which direction I looked I could see guelder rose bushes laden with bunches of brilliant red fruit, while equally plentiful were the clusters of purplish-black berries that drooped from the elders.

The path took me beneath the tall elms and through slanting sunshine and kindly shadows to a large clump of gorse and bracken where blackberries grew in riotous profusion. Here too the peacock butterflies spread their eyed wings, the red admirals displayed their black and crimson glories and the painted ladies, while dressed in less conspicuous tints, were equally charming.

But what was that?

A rustle in the undergrowth attracted my attention and there, only a few feet from where I stood, was a red squirrel collecting nuts for his winter store. I watched him at work—lovely indeed as the autumn sunshine gleamed on his golden-red coat, his feathery ears and bushy tail.

Soon he was joined by another squirrel which also set about collecting nuts and acorns. They were evidently a wedded pair, for they worked together in perfect harmony. As each squirrel found a nut, it picked it up in its mouth, ran a few yards to one of its previously selected larders and buried it with soil and leaves, after the manner that a dog buries a bone.

Each of these squirrels had several larders and although during the winter shortage they probably remembered some of their booty, I think they must have forgotten as much as they remembered. No doubt many of the hazel bushes and the oak trees that have sprung up in the woods are the result of the forgetfulness of squirrels.

But the squirrels were not the only ones which had begun their winter food-storage campaign, for a little farther on I discovered a whitethroat's nest, half filled with berries—the work no doubt of a long-tailed field mouse—but the warblers themselves were probably on their way to Africa. As a matter of fact a number of deserted birds' nests, although cleverly hidden a few weeks before, were now clearly visible in the trees and bushes. Many of the clever architects that had built these wonderful homes had left our shores for warmer climes, while the last swallows and house martins that remained were congregating on the roofs and telegraph wires as if discussing the perils that lay ahead. (*Contined on page* 57)

The sparrow-hawks love the woodlands and build their bulky homes in some tall tree. (*Left*) A lonely wood-pigeon in her Royal Air Force blue attire. Autumn days frequently find these beautiful birds still busy with domestic matters

A young cuckoo, much bigger than the birds that have reared it. By September, practically all the fledgeling cuckoos have undertaken their long flight southward without any parental guidance or control

The awe-inspiring sight of a tornado sweeping across the countryside. This is considered to be the finest photograph of a tornado that has ever been taken
(Copyright Lucille Handberg)

(Right) View of the great whirling funnel of a "prairie twister" roaring across the Kansas countryside. The most devastating H.E. ever dropped by Bomber Command is but a jumping-cracker compared to the gigantic forces that are inherent in a tornado
(S. D. Flora—Courtesy of the Royal Meteorological Society)

"THE number of casualties are believed to be 700 killed and 2,000 injured and the material damage is estimated at three and a half million pounds."

No, that is not an account of the results of a mass bombing raid, it is the toll inflicted by one attack from Nature's greatest H.E. —the tornado.

Fortunately, tornadoes seldom occur in this country. But one did visit London in 1928 and caused £20,000 worth of damage in its journey from Victoria to Euston. But in the main tornadoes are confined to the southern regions of the United States.

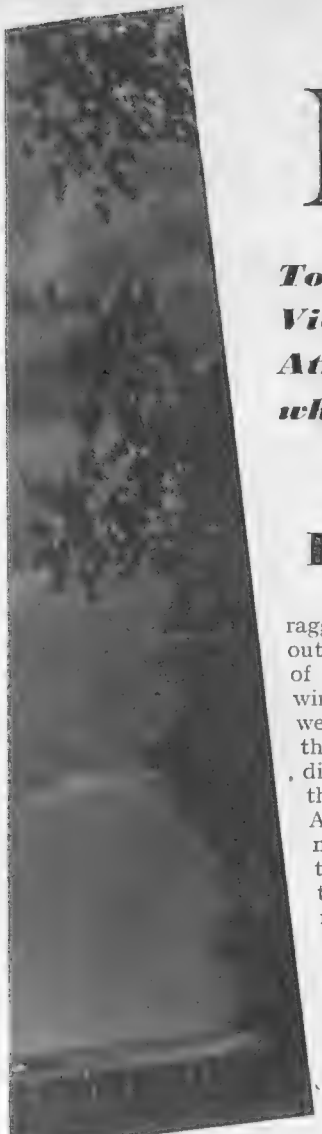
Tornadoes are the most violent and devastating atmospheric phenomena which can be experienced. They appear to be caused by the meeting, under certain conditions, of masses of air of different temperatures.

To the onlooker the formation of a tornado is an awe-inspiring sight. From the darkened sky a funnel-shaped mass descends and swings back and forth over the earth like a gigantic elephant's trunk. When the dangling funnel touches the ground the tornado is fully developed.

The tornado rushes across the countryside with a roar like an express train and normally travels at between forty and fifty miles an hour. In five minutes it can kill hundreds of people, injure thousands more, and destroy property worth millions of pounds.

Listen to this eye-witness description of a tornado:

"It looked like a great thick rope hanging in a long, loose arch from the cloud immediately above. The tornado was black and



Nature's H.E.s

Tornadoes are the Most Violent and Devastating Atmospheric Phenomena which can be Experienced

By

Frank W. Lane

ragged at its upper end, but it faded out until the lower lengths were the colour of escaping steam. A south-easterly wind had swung the foot away to the west of the mother cloud, so that though the head of the tornado was directly above our heads, the foot on the earth was nearly a mile away. At the head could be seen the funnel mass of cloud, rapidly spiralling: at the foot a dust cloud arose and fell, to rise and fall again as the tornado raced over meadow and over cultivated field. The column of steam-like cloud could be seen reaching through this dust cloud to the ground." (Dr. Gayle Pickwell.)

The air composing a tornado whirls at tremendous speed. So far it has been impossible to measure it, as no instrument has yet been devised which is strong enough to withstand the shock. But twice a speed of 231 miles an hour and once a speed of 240 miles an hour has definitely been recorded by instruments.

But it is certain that these speeds are a long way from being the maximum attained by the tornado's madly whirling winds. Calculations based on the weight and surface of bodies moved by tornadoes show that the velocity of the winds may exceed 500 miles an hour.

It is difficult to grasp what that speed means. Perhaps these facts will help. When the Tay Bridge was destroyed by wind in one of the greatest natural disasters this country has ever known, the wind-speed was reckoned to be 100 miles an hour, i.e., one-fifth of the probable maximum tornado speed.

The bullet from a revolver doesn't travel much faster than 500 miles an hour and some shells travel at less speed than this.

But perhaps the speed of a tornado's wind is best realised by studying some of the damage it does. We have all become "blast conscious" since the blitzes and the damage wrought by a tornado are largely accomplished by a blast with a pressure of anything from 280 pounds to the square inch. (The pressure from a forty mile an hour gale is just five pounds to the square inch.) One estimate puts a tornado's energy at 100 billion horse-power.

During a tornado these things have happened. A piece of iron, weighing 670 pounds, was lifted up and carried nearly 1,000 feet. A steel bridge was torn from its supports and left in a crumpled, shapeless heap. A train has been hurled from its tracks; a car was hurled through a plate-glass window; and a horse was picked up from the ground and carried for a distance of over *two miles* through the air.

The furious winds of a tornado turn harmless objects into bullets and shells with enormous powers of penetration. Wooden splinters are driven clean through solid boards; corn-stalks have been driven into doors and fence posts from which they have stuck out like whiskers; sand has been whipped along with such force that it has entered human bodies like miniature shot-gun pellets; and during a tornado at Calcutta a bamboo cane is reported to have been driven through a wall six feet thick, made of mud faced on both sides with brick.

Queer tricks are sometimes played by the winds of a tornado. Here again there are a number of parallels to the "bomb stories" we were swopping a while back. One incident concerned the young lady who was stripped of her clothes but, apart from shock, was almost uninjured.

A tornado wind can do things like that, too. In one instance a chicken was stripped of its feathers but was not killed. A cow has been lifted out of a high corral by the terrific suction of a tornado and deposited, not seriously injured, several hundred feet away. A horse, too, has been flown through the air and dropped alive and little the worse for its literally hair-raising experience. Another horse was not so lucky. It was "pole-axed" by a corn cob that pierced the front of its head.

Yet another parallel with bomb blast is found in the tornado's freakish prank of skipping along its course—rising at intervals to descend again on its devastating rampage farther on. In one instance a tornado carried off two horses but left a wagon-load of bricks untouched. Another day a barn was picked up and whisked away (*Continued on page* 56)

No, not the effect of bomb blast but of Nature's H.E. The area of destruction of the biggest bomb is rarely more than a quarter of a mile square but the tornado may sweep a destructive path across country a quarter of a mile wide and *hundreds of miles* long

(*Mee Cheung—Courtesy of the Royal Meteorological Society*)

When the wind hits a forest. The great whirling winds of a tornado twist great tree trunks until they are wrenched from the ground. Branches are hurled with such force that they often pierce the trunks of other trees and remain sticking out like gigantic whiskers

(*Photo by U.S. Forest Service*)

Young Women

What is a woman of fashion? The interpretation changes from time to time. It has changed repeatedly in the past seventy years. See what our grandmothers had to say about it:—

"She is dressed in the latest mode but always with that ladylike restraint which forbids any suggestion of affectation. She is accomplished in the domestic arts and often performs well upon the mandoline. She displays a charming facility in the lighter conversational sphere and a womanly reserve upon those political and intellectual topics to which her menfolk customarily address themselves. . . ."

That was seventy years ago. Not so very long as time is measured and yet how far is shown by these other portraits. Here is the young woman of fashion *circa 1942*. This time she appears in triplicate because your woman of today is a woman of many parts.

This is a page of history. Cut it out and paste it in your scrap book. Keep it for your children and your children's children and when the turmoil and the wretchedness of war are passed, in the distant and even in the not-so-distant future, bring it out; show it around; show off the *1942* woman of fashion because she is a woman of destiny.

Factory Worker

She belongs to no particular class nor to any special locality. She is from every place and from every sphere. She dresses with workmanlike simplicity, but her simplicity is studied and effective. At her work an overall covers her dress and her short neat coiffure is usually tucked into a cap. She has very little leisure to study the niceties of dress and yet her wardrobe is thoroughly co-ordinated and her appearance well planned.

Her hands do not hesitate to undertake the roughest task and she is the more careful of their grooming on this account. At night she cleans them thoroughly and sleeps in gloves to cover the hand lotion which she always uses. The pointed tip and bright varnish are gone but the short trimmed nails are immaculately neat and regularly buffered.

She is always mindful of her health, which must be guarded jealously. The work she does is physically and mentally exhausting and her hours in the fresh air are strictly limited. To counteract these difficulties she eats the foods that are richest in protective qualities.

She breathes deeply before an open window every morning to stock up on oxygen. She has learned to relax completely on her back for ten minutes in the midday. She burns no midnight oil.

She pays regular visits to the chiropodist to keep her feet in perfect health. This is an essential measure because she has to spend her working day on her feet.

Her skin is carefully cossetted. Knowing that she has less time now for outdoor exercises and is leading a more strenuous life, she devotes extra care to her skin, which she realises, shows fatigue before any other part of the body. She is careful to cleanse it of all dust and dirt. She uses a feeding cream as liberally as she dare in these days of cosmetic shortage and after washing in hot water, always dashes cold into her face to pep up circulation and restore a healthy colour.

She drinks cold water liberally, also as a skin beautifying measure and sleeps with her windows wide, whatever the weather.

In her leisure hours she plays hard, because she knows that relaxation is a vital contribution to health and morale.

She has lost touch with many of her former friends but she has found a spring of contentment in the daily companionship of people who share her own ideals. They are all working towards one objective. They share the same difficulties, they surmount each problem in a great communion of effort.

Some day this girl may go back to her typewriter, to her work as wife and mother or to the social interests which, at one time, filled her life. She does not speak of it, she has little time to dream of it, but she knows that when the time comes she will return a woman much wiser, much fuller in understanding of her fellows and much richer in the capacity to appreciate what good things life has to send.

Of Fashion To=day

She may be any age. She may be young and unattached or middle-aged with family ties. She is leading a strange new life. Often a double life if she keeps a home going and does war work as well. Time on her hands has become just a beautiful dream. She rises early in the morning, does a few household chores, baths and dresses, fixes her hair and her simple make-up, and dashes off to her job. Sometimes she uses a bicycle to ride the crowded city streets.

Dressing nowadays is reduced to a simple equation. The simplicity of her life and the lack of coupons make it so. She has clothes for the office, something to wear when she steps out for the evening. The rest is a matter of good grooming.

Civilian War Worker

She may work in one of the Ministries; she may be helping to organise one of the essential public services. Her job may be interesting or it may be dull. In either case it is vital and she is content in that knowledge.

She is, in most cases, holding one of the jobs of this war that offer few chances of excitement or adventure unless facing a full-blooded air bombardment occasionally comes into that category. She wears no uniform. There is nothing spectacular in the manner of her giving, but she is content to go on quietly, earnestly in the service of her country, helping at the same time to keep alive the fires of home.

She has a husband or a lover in one of the Services. She makes it her joy and pride to be for him the woman who is waiting at home to cheer and sustain; to be gay when gaiety is called for and sympathetic when the occasion demands.

Otherwise, socially her life has changed. Her friends are scattered, her time is restricted. An evening at the movies, a visit to friends and a party when the One Man is on leave covers it all.

Among other new things she has learned to cook well. It may be for herself alone. It may be for the family and sometimes for friends as well. It is her pride to make these meals as excellent as her skill and imagination can make them. The rest is work and a hopeful confidence in the blue skies around the corner.

She wears a uniform. She has replaced with a collar and tie the frills and furs of the past. Flat-heeled shoes, built for service, supplant the high heels she used to love. It is no simple matter to retain the charm of femininity in the clothes she has adopted for the war, but she does it and is the more lovely for it.

It is part of her duty, as well as her pride, to be well groomed. She has less leisure to devote to her appearance than she ever had and yet she was probably never so slick. She wears a short, smart hair-do, easy to handle and yet becoming. Her make-up is more restrained, but the new glow of health in her cheeks is more effective than any artifice.

Service Woman

She carries herself with a brisk and supple poise. This is an endowment from her physical training and her parting from the rich foods and the scrappy, hastily-snatched meals which were so inherent a part of her civilian business life. She knows now the value of her new physical well-being, and she keeps it up to scratch by rapid and effective exercises every morning.

Most noticeable is the confidence which is born of her new self-reliance. She is a woman against the world. She has left the protective shelter of home. Within the limits of service discipline she is free. There is no screen between her and Life. She has to meet it four-square and from the consciousness of these responsibilities courageously accepted, she acquires her new poise.

Intellectually she is set upon a new course. Her views are more independent. They reflect her wider contacts and her growing curiosity about the affairs of the world outside her personal orbit. Spiritually she is riding the crest of the wave, sharing in a mighty impulse of progress. She is the representative of a New World.

Apart from this she has learned a lot of things. She has learned to adapt herself to all sorts of people and all kinds of conditions. She is no longer shy. She lives simply without sighing for the luxuries that are gone and yet retains her woman's fondness for all things beautiful.

She meets men upon a new footing, as fellow campaigners. She meets them unaffectedly and gains in her loss of self-consciousness a clearer charm.

She works hard and plays with the same concentration. She does not shrink from men's work when it is required of her, but she remains, as it was in the beginning and ever shall be, one hundred per cent. woman.

Winifred Lewis

IT'S A MAN'S JOB...

And Women are Doing It to Help Win the War and Establish a Future in which they Share the Chances

At such a time as this it is a bold thing to talk of the compensations of war. But that there are compensations, and very real ones at that, is self evident.

To women, individually, the last war brought horror and bereavement. To women generally it brought a new freedom and a vast and thrilling conception of the future.

Twenty-five years has developed that vision. This war has consolidated it and set it upon a new and bounding course of progress.

You cannot shock or surprise people any more with women's achievements. Women in the air and on the sea. Women in Big Business and women in trousers have steadily, relentlessly worn all that to threads, and everybody knows that once the initial obstacles of prejudice are down, the rest is just a matter of patience, hard work and opportunity.

This war has brought the opportunity. The patience and endeavour were never lacking.

In the last three years women have slipped quietly, capably into men's work as the need arose. For some the choice has been hard manual labour. Welding, riveting, hammer driving, shipbuilding, bill-sticking, all have their gallant recruits from a nation of courageous women. We salute them; but these women will be the first to admit that manual labour, though a vital contribution in time of war, is not a promising field of development for the future. It is in the jobs which are less robust, though equally masculine in tradition, that women in this war are blazing the trail to new careers that will continue in the world of peace.

Science is a sphere as dramatic and as full of promise as any. Eve Curie broke the shackles of tradition in the field of scientific research for women, but even her blazing glory lit the way but fitfully. This war, which has taken so many of our men scientists, has given us cool-headed, white-coated women pondering amongst the retorts of our laboratories; groping towards discoveries of which the significance can, as yet, be only half-guessed.

An important branch of their research is to discover how, by scientific means, the food production of this country can be increased in quality and quantity.

To us, the mere onlookers, it is hard to realise how closely this work is linked with the gigantic problems of feeding the nation and, what is just as important, of keeping the nation fit.

Take the scientific experiments with sugar beet which have gone on and still continue in the endeavour to make this country self-supporting in sugar. From very humble beginnings, the growing of sugar beet has developed into a great and vital industry. It is to scientific agricultural research, now largely conducted by women, that we owe the sugar in our tea.

The soya bean is another subject of diligent research by the women scientists of this war.

This once humble and much under-rated plant has been proved to possess more nutritional qualities—not to speak of the by-products obtained from it—than any similar product of its kind. Women scientists are worrying at the problem of the soya bean by night and by day. Their aim and their objective is to harness the astonishingly versatile properties of this simple vegetable to the uses of a nation at war.

Chemistry is another field of activity which the war has opened wide to gifted women.

Investigations into the problems of substitute foods have, in these times, a vital purpose. Making drugs to relieve sickness and alleviate pain is another satisfying form of service.

Every phase of the war brings its own particular problems. None has been more productive of tough problems than the physical care and well-being of our armies in the East, where men working and suffering under difficult climatic conditions are subject to the scourge of diseases unfamiliar in their own land.

The discovery and perfecting as well as the making of anti-toxins to protect them from these additional burdens of war, form a large part of the experimental research done by the women chemists of this war.

Research into dairying, increase of milk yields, the improvement of farm stock and the prevention and cure of cattle diseases are other parts of their work.

In the heavy industries women are testing steel in the laboratories of the great factories where tanks and guns are made. At the Admiralty women geographers are making and copying maps vital to the strategic movements of our Navy. At the Air Ministry they are filling important jobs in the department of meteorology where weather charts are prepared for operational stations. In the City women economists are occupying the chairs of men now gone to other spheres.

Draughtsmanship is a field newly opened to women by the war. This important and most fascinating craft has hitherto been held exclusively for men. Women tracers there may have been, but that was the limit.

Women are everywhere and they are there to stay. Not with the object of depriving men of their livelihood. Not with any competitive notion of proving themselves superior to men, but with the determination to share in the creation of a new world and to assert in it the right of women to develop as freely and to claim their destiny as gloriously as man.

On Duty and Off

The trouble with us all is that we are tired, far more tired than we will admit, and yet if we had enough sense to face facts, we could do a lot to counteract the physical and temperamental wear and tear which is making the business of getting through our every-day war life more and more tiring. Of course, a certain amount of war fatigue is inevitable, but we are suffering from a whole lot more than we need because we have not got the elementary knowledge which would help us to provide the extra vitality we need so much just now. This ignorance makes life harder for us, both on duty and off.

OFF DUTY

THINK out the problems of your off-duty tiredness to begin with. For three years now you have put up with increasing nerve strain. Your family life has been upset, you may have been separated from the people you care for most, there have been financial worries and endless irritations which have increased as the months go by. Because you are English and well brought up, you have no intention of allowing this sort of thing to turn you into a nervous wreck. You probably have no idea how much the everyday workings of your body are affected by your inevitable worries, or how you can save yourself and those who depend on you any amount of depression by simple tricks, such as seeing that they get special kinds of foods and rest according to their particular needs.

If women studied the value of food more than they do now, they could make each meal provide much more energy than it does at the present time. For instance, if you are lucky enough to have saved one of those fruit and vegetable juice-extractors, you could serve "vitality cocktails" with lunch and dinner. One of the best vitality cocktails in the world, for girls or women who are inclined to be anæmic, consists of two parts spinach juice, which gives you your "iron ration," and one part parsley, which is a copper food. This is flavoured with a little lime-juice. Another cocktail is made with equal quantities of watercress-juice and apple-juice. For those who are inclined to suffer from colds and sinus trouble, the best cocktails are watercress, cucumber, spinach, carrots and tomato-juice. You can make your cocktail by mixing equal parts of any of these juices or serving them separately.

For energy you depend very much on the efficiency of your adrenal glands, and there are certain foods which are useful as energy restorers, because they increase the efficiency of these glands. These food elements include the chemical magnesium and vitamins A, B, C and G. Magnesium is found in cucumbers, spinach, lettuce, radishes, cauliflower, and whole wheat, and the vitamins in tomatoes, raw carrots, spinach, cabbage, onions, endive, beetroot, and potatoes in their skins, as well as other things, such as cod-liver oil, whole grains, egg yolk, and butter. Study this list, and you will see how easy it is to serve "vitality salad."

Here is a simple vitamin chart which you may find useful:

Vitamin	*Good Unrationed Sources*	*Some of the Deficiency Effects*
A	Fish roe Tomatoes Carrots	Stunted growth General debility Bad teeth
A	Spinach Other green leaves Liver, when you can get it Eggs, for those who keep their own hens	Sinus trouble Digestive disturbances
	Concentrated form: Halibut-liver oil Cod-liver oil	
B 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7	Whole-wheat bread Brown bread Whole cereal Oatmeal Hard roe Potatoes Salmon Tomatoes Egg yolk Liver } When you can Heart } get them Kidneys }	Indigestion Constipation Headache Anæmia Loss of weight Depression
	Concentrated form: Marmite Yeast	
C	Rose hips Cabbage Spinach Swedes Tomatoes Root vegetables Wheat Oats	Spongy, bleeding gums Loose teeth Dental caries Muscular weakness Anæmia
	Concentrated form: Rose-hip syrup Concentrated black currant-juice Concentrated orange-juice	
D	Fish Oils Milk Liver	Poorly formed teeth Rickets in children
	Concentrated form: Halibut-liver oil Cod-liver oil	
E	Lettuce Other green leaves In the germ of whole cereals	Disturbances in the reproductive cycle

ON DUTY

A GOOD deal of attention has been paid to industrial fatigue, and it has been said that this is psychological and emotional rather than physical in origin. That is as it may be, and any woman who has taken to work for the first time during this war knows that she can get tired in dozens of different ways. For instance, nothing is more tiring than to work with somebody who irritates you all the time. If hard work keeps your mind off your own private worries, your emotional fatigue will be lessened. If, on the other hand, the work is deadly monotonous, then both your physical and emotional fatigue will be increased almost beyond endurance.

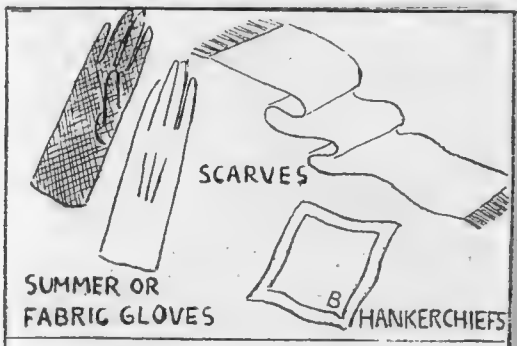
(*Continued on p.* 65)

By Jane Gordon

Boucle jacket dress, made in several good colours, including black, with interesting gathering and seaming detail at yoke. Dickins and Jones. £15 11s. 3d.

(Top) Beige and brown check suit, good detail on jacket pocket, three knife pleats in front, one back of skirt. Bourne and Hollingsworth, £9 19s. 6d.

SPARE PARTS



YEARLY MUSTS

Six Pairs Stockings

One Pair Shoes

Two Belts and Brassieres or Corselettes

One Pair Gloves

REMARKS

DRESS:

By Jean Burnup

Editor Women's Department

The clothes situation, pared down to the bone, seems to have brought out the master mind in all of us.

In fifteen short months, with the adaptability that has characterised all their activities in these changing times, women have dropped the free-and-easy, buy-on-sight habits of a lifetime and have acquired the more valuable habit of knowing what not to buy.

We have learned to take the long view about clothes, and not to be circumscribed by seasons. We exploit interchangeability to its limit, we plan wardrobes whose future is just as important as their present.

And, as dress restrictions in detail, styling and ornamentation are themselves giving clothes a new, clear-cut tang, buying restrictions are shaping new standards of taste for women everywhere.

Since the Government ask you, as man to man, to buy only what you really need, it follows that the luxurious woman is as much out of the current picture as neon lighting.

In ye olde days, being in the fashion was unessential. What mattered was that your clothes became you and expressed your individuality. That is out. To-day you have to be in the fashion and let your individuality go and play dormouse till the war is over.

And the fashion is a well-groomed, slick simplicity for every day and all day, with occasional excursions into glamour for celebrations that happen along. Even though this simplicity tends to be almost as uniform as a uniform itself, women are gaining, if anything, in appearance.

The question "Can I do without it?" is far more vital to-day than the question "What can I have new for autumn?" which used to engross us at this time of the year.

So the basic wardrobe, drawn in the first panel, admittedly sparse, is workable for an average woman. Naturally, you could manage easier with more, but you could support life, without discomfort, on less. The point is that everything you possess, every new purchase, must work hard for its keep. Passenger clothes are out for the duration.

The suit, with shirts and sweaters, is, of course the great all-year-round stand-by. Women not at their best in a strictly-tailored suit should consider a short-sleeved dress and matching jacket. It is elegant, supremely comfortable and alive with interchangeable potentialities. It gives you an extra light-weight woollen frock.

If your clothes reserves have spent themselves and you now have to be a one-silk-dress woman, let the dress be plain, not patterned. Then it is mobile all the year round. A flower-dotted crepe hasn't much appeal at Christmas.

Each year, your musts (see left, below) will take up about 25 coupons. That leaves 25. That means one major buy in the year. That means a margin of seven or eight coupons over for spare parts (see panel 3), which you will buy only according to your special activities and not your desires.

Remember that if you think you need a new coat this year, but know you are out of woollen underwear, the coat will have to be forsworn, and the major buy will have to be the unexciting underwear.

But perhaps you have woollen fingers and can knit your own and save a few coupons. We shall print a good design next month.

Velour-finished woollen makes a perfect all-year-round coat with wide, flat seaming detail and unpressed pleats giving enough back fullness. Dickins and Jones. 1412 os. 2d.

Checked Yoke

MATERIALS

7 ozs. Copley Smith's 3-ply Excelsior wool in pink; 1 oz. of same in plum; No. 10 and No. 11 needles; a medium crochet-hook; 10 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 32 ins.; length, 19 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

7½ st. and 10 rows to 1 inch.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 92 st. in pink. Work k.1, p. 1 rib for 4 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and stocking st. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 120 st. Work straight until side seams are 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 92 st. Work straight until armholes are 4 ins. round curve. Change to plum wool and work 1 row. Then continue in pink for 11 rows. Repeat these colours until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 8 st. at beg. of next 8 rows (still working stripes), leaving 28 st. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 42 st. with No. 11 needles and pink wool. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 ins. Change to stocking st. and No. 10 needles and m. 1 st. at left edge of work on every 4th row until there are 14 increases and 56 st. Work straight until side seam is 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at shaped edge of work on every row until there are 14 decreases. Work straight until armholes are 4 ins. round curve. Work stripes as in back until armholes are 6 ins. round curve. Continue stripes, and k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 32 st. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 8 st. at outside edge on every other row 4 times.

(Continued on page 62)

ABBREVIATIONS

K.=knit; P.=purl; M.=make; S.=slip; st.=stitch, or stitches; tog.=together; beg.=beginning.

Scalloped Yoke

MATERIALS

4 ozs. Copley Smith's 2-ply Excelsior wool in black; 2 ozs. blue; No. 9 and No. 11 needles; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

8 st. and 10 rows to 1 inch.

THE BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Cast on 100 st. with black and No. 9 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 4 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 140 st. Work straight until there are 13 ins. along side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 100 st. Now work 7 st., *cast off 9, work 17, repeat from * twice, ending row cast off 9, work 6. Turn.

Work on first 6 st., and k. 2 tog. next the cast off st. on every row until there are no st. left. Work on on next group of 17 st. and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are no st. left. Repeat this on next 2 groups of 17 st., and work last 7 as first 6.

THE YOKE (Back)

With blue, and No. 11 needles, cast on 9 st. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every row, and work stocking st., until there are 25 st. Slip on to holder and work 3 more pieces the same. Slip all 4 pieces on to one needle with p. side as right side, and work straight until armholes would be 8 ins. round curve if the black were sewn on to blue yoke. Cast off 6 st. at beg. of every other row 10 times, leaving 40 st. Cast off.

THE YOKE (Front)

Work as back, but when armholes would be 6½ ins. round (Continued on page 62)

Mend Your Ways

BRISTLES are off the market for the rest of the war, so treat existing brooms and brushes with respectful care.

Wash them frequently because corroding dirt increases injury. Use warm, soapy water with a little ammonia. Stand to dry with the bristles off the ground, or, better still, hang them. Never put brooms away with the bristles down.

If bristles have become badly crushed, try steaming them. For limp bristles, a good treatment is to soak them for a while in alum water. Dissolve about an ounce of alum in hot water, let it cool, and then immerse the bristles for about half an hour.

CHILDREN'S WOOLLIES can be kept a dazzling white by soaking for a short time in a bowl of warm water to which a little peroxide has been added. Wash afterwards in the usual way.

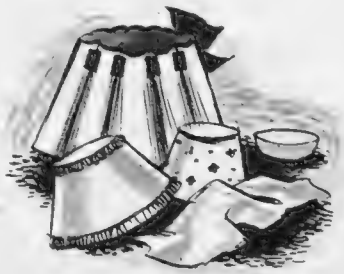
REPAIRS TO CHINA often seem ineffective, but this is generally because the repair has not been carefully done.

Make quite sure that the broken edges are smooth and clean before you apply the china cement, which can be bought at most hardware stores. Use the cement sparingly, and when the china edges have been laid together, bandage the vessel for the time being to prevent the broken parts from slipping. Put the mended china away for three or four days before attempting to use it.

ENAMEL WASH BOWLS which have sprung a leak can be effectively repaired with sealing-wax. Heat the wax and drop it over the hole, both on the outer and the inner side of the vessel. Press down firmly and leave to cool.

HEMSTITCHED HEMS that are ripping off pillow-cases should be removed entirely and ragged edges trimmed. The hem can then be re-attached by means of fagotting or by adding a narrow lace insertion between the case and the hem.

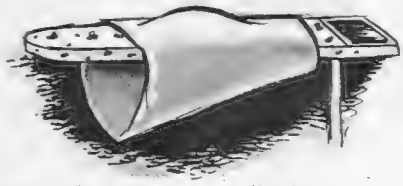
PARCHMENT LAMPSHADES can be cleaned up very easily. If it is real parchment use a clean, soft cloth wrung out of vinegar and water. Follow this with another wash in a very weak solution of warm soda water. Polish when dry with a touch of white furniture cream.



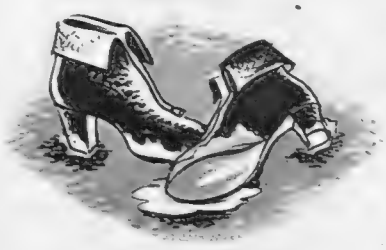
Imitation parchment shades respond best to cleaning with a gum rubber which can be bought at an artist's dealers.

BLANKETS fraying or wearing at the edges should have the worn edges cut away. A deep binding for the edge made from oddments of cretonne or coloured art silk looks attractive and is very protective.

SKIRTS that have seated and trousers that have bagged at the knees need to be shrunk. Lay the affected part flat on the ironing-board. Using a damp cloth and a fairly hot—but not too hot—iron, press down on the part that is overstretched. On no account push the iron about, as this merely increases the expansion of the threads. Bear down on the part, re-soak the cloth and repeat the process until the threads have shrunk to the required shape.



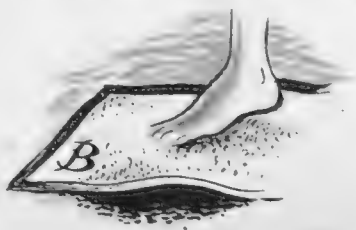
INK SPILT on your best table-top: buy some tin chloride and use half an ounce to half a pint of water. Drop it on to the affected spot with a dropper. Don't touch it with your hands. When the stain has faded, rinse thoroughly with clean water.



RUBBER WELLINGTONS and overshoes need special care as they cannot be replaced. Always dry rubber boots when they are brought in out of the rain. Store in a dry, moderate temperature, never near heat. Dried mud on the surface of the rubber is very harmful if left. Small precautions like these will increase the life of the rubber by a considerable amount.

HANDKERCHIEFS washed at home should be soaked first in strong salt water. This makes the final washing far easier.

BATH TOWELS which have developed threadbare places can be cut down to hand towels, using the best parts. A large bath towel cut into two equal squares, leaving out the worn parts, and bound at the edges with a wide coloured braid, makes a good and attractive bath-mat. Ragged linen tablecloths can be cut up into tea-cloths. The smaller sections make tea and dinner napkins.



Winter Conditioning Starts Now

Absorb every pale beam of remaining sunshine you can this month, but do not think your preparation for the oncoming winter stops there. Intelligent planning and the determined acquisition of a few simple health habits can fortify your endurance powers, and increase your physical resistance to such an extent that you will easily weather the dank, germ-laden season ahead.

Your first thought should be circulation. An active circulation will keep you warmer than all the coats and woollies you can add to an already overladen body; it will help to prevent chilblains and blue noses, frozen fingers and toes; it will face infection without a fear.

The heart is the organ responsible for the circulation, yet, while relatively few people suffer with weak hearts, numbers suffer from a poor circulation. You may be able to blame lack of exercise and a sluggish blood-stream overcrowded with poisons. You may be able to blame your arteries, in which case you should see a doctor to get the best treatment for your individual requirements.

Try regular exercise to start with. Skipping, hopping, energetic walking—all are excellent *circulation* stimulators, but why not make a habit of a short routine of toning exercises that will do all that is necessary in the way of livening up your circulation, while at the same time toning up your whole system? We can supply you with a list of these exercises, but only your own determination can supply you with the grit to do them regularly.

In the winter a starchy, fats-and-sugars diet is necessary, and it is to clear the blood of the toxic accumulations from such a diet that the spring-cleaning health-habit has arisen. But can you be sure that your spring cleaning is still in force, and that your blood has remained cleansed? It is wise to prepare the blood-stream for winter by having an early autumn cleaning, too.

Vegetables, fruits and plenty of liquids are the sanest blood-cleansers that you can fit into your everyday diet; and there is still plenty of time to make these tellingly prominent in your daily fare. So many people have grown their own vegetables this year, or have neighbours who have a surplus from their garden, that you should be able to get really fresh, delicious vegetables to grate, shred and slice for eating raw. As for fruit—well, no one has to be told to eat as much as possible this year.

If would be a great help if you could have three days on liquids, either vegetable or fruit juices, for the main meals, with as much water between meals as you like. Clear soup can make the evening meal if it is too difficult to get the juices, but nothing else should be included in the diet. As soon as you get up in the morning, take a cleansing saline, and, if possible, have an enema in the evenings.

After three days of this, keep to the juices for the first meal of the day, and try to make your other two meals from raw vegetable salads, cooked vegetables and thin, dry toast. Keep off all starchy foods and heavy, clogging foods for at least a week.

There is another regular blood-cleansing that goes on night and day, and which we often hinder rather than help—breathing. We all know that oxygen goes into the lungs and thus cleanses our blood, but how many of us stop to think if we are helping or hindering nature by our everyday breathing habits?

If you want to be fair to nature, to your blood and yourself, make a habit of breathing deeply whenever you are in the fresh air.

Never go to bed at night without a few deep lung-stirring inhalations in front of your open window. When you rise in the morning, wake your lungs with deep-breathing exercises in fresh air.

If you keep your body exercised and fit, your blood-stream clean, your circulation pepped-up, and your diet sane, you will find a new zest, a new vitality, drawing your shoulders back and sticking chest and chin out. You will, in other words, find yourself trying to hold to a good posture. But do you know just what posture is good, or will you haphazardly fling one portion of your anatomy out in the front and another out at the back, just because you are feeling fit?

Get this posture picture into your mind, get the feel of the position into your body and remember it always. The first action is the stretching of the diaphragm, so that the breasts are held—not out, but up—on top of the chest; shoulders should be held back and down, without any straining of muscles; your neck should be straight and chin in, so that you feel as though you are trying to push the crown of your head upwards while keeping your ears over your shoulders. Now keeping your back straight, tilt your pelvis forward to prevent that back-curve so frequently included in a posture effort.

Health and posture go hand-in-hand. Look at yourself in the mirror when you practise this posture, then let yourself sag into your old bad position; you will instantly realise that many of your organs are crushed, cramped and prevented from free functioning if your posture is bad.

Therefore, as a final challenge to winter's ills, determine to hold yourself perfectly and to avoid that curled-up keep-the-cold-out attitude that is so foolishly assumed by many women in the biting winter winds. Feel yourself strong and zestful, then with head held high, advance to meet the winter with perfect poise and confidence.

Cold

I am determined I shall try and get through this winter without one cold. If I think I can do it with reasonable care, getting my body into good condition now, taking a vitality tonic to build up my reserve powers—such as Bemax or Halibut Liver Oil—I shall start the treatment now and leave it at that.

If I feel less secure, knowing that I had three or more colds last winter, I shall consult my doctor about taking a course of pills that act as a vaccine against colds, and I shall start taking these now, and not wait until I have the first sore throat of the season.

Obeying general health rules, I shall include a regular quick gargle with a mild disinfectant every morning when I clean my teeth, and every evening when I clean my teeth before going to bed: an easy and valuable habit. I shall not make my nasal

Health and Beauty

BY CHRYSIS *If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1*

She's 40

—if a day. The tides of war catch up with the women of 40 to 50, whirling them into a forgotten activity. They need to look and feel their youngest and best

THEIR houses are in order, their children at school or older, and they find themselves called upon to help war workers. As they prepare to emerge from the routines of normal domestic lives, they look searchingly into their mirrors. It is easy to slip into the forties and towards the fifties without much thought if you are living among friends and family, at home, absorbed in children, husband, and a household routine.

It is when you have to step out of this haven that the mirror's story becomes more important and, even if you have neglected any beauty routine in the past years, you begin to wonder what you can do to take as many years as possible from your appearance.

Let us start at the top. If your hair is limp, fine and straight, use a tonic; massage it in regularly and you will give your hair more "body," make it appear thicker. If you have wiry, curly dry hair—apply castor oil before shampooing. This is the only oil now obtainable and really is very good for this purpose, but has previously been avoided owing to the odour. You will have to put up with the odour now.

Hair must be kept well brushed and groomed and you should avoid any eccentric style : a shortish cut is smartest, easiest to keep tidy. Immaculate tidiness must be your hair rule.

Your eyes may have surrounding lines, but if the actual whites are clear, and eyes bright, they will look youthful—this means healthy liver and kidneys, and six glasses of water each day between meals is the best simple help in this respect. Use an eye lotion regularly; make a daily eye wash as much a matter of course as your teeth brushing. Always have thought for your eye comfort and you will prevent that ageing strained look that tired eyes get. Avoid heavy, smoky atmospheres. Golden eye ointment applied to the base of the lashes top and bottom, is a good weekly habit for lashes and rims. Eye exercises are easily done and prevent the surrounding muscles from sagging.

If you have taken good care of your skin you will have avoided many unnecessary wrinkles, but if you have been careless, it is useless to think you can remedy it all now. You can, however, begin to prevent the formation of any more avoidable lines. When you wash your face don't use soap if it is at all inclined to dry or flake your skin. Always give face and neck a good splashing with cold water after washing with hot. This will stimulate the tissues and help to prevent any flaccid tendency.

You must try to get a good skin food and massage it into your face and neck regularly once a day—either at night or before your hot bath. Only use a very little, so that it can all be absorbed by your skin and none wasted. Then you must have a skin tonic, slightly astringent in quality—you can use a solution of witch hazel for this if it is impossible to get a specialised preparation.

Wet a piece of cotton wool in water, press it out into a flat thin pad, sprinkle it with the witch hazel and slap the face and neck with it briskly—concentrate on the under-chin. If you have a refrigerator, keep your tonic ice-cold in it.

Whenever you have a few moments to spare for a lie down, place pads of cotton wool soaked in witch hazel on your closed eyes.

You won't be able to get many make-up preparations, so it is not necessary to warn you against over-doing the glamour effect, but if you have (Continued on page 67)

Credo

passages tender with constant inhalation of disinfectants, liquid and vapour.

I shall take deep-breathing seriously, and keep all the germ-pockets that might easily form in undistended lungs constantly rinsed out with clean, fresh air. I shall avoid germ-laden atmospheres, especially when I am tired, hungry, depressed—because at such times my resistance to infection is very low.

If, despite everything, I do catch a cold, I shall make it my first thought to prevent that cold spreading; I shall not sneeze, cough or blow without trying to catch every germ thus released securely in my handkerchief; I shall try to keep out of all crowded places, not to travel; and shall take energetic steps to kill all the germs I contain as rapidly as possible with inhalations, gargling and spraying.

Collar But No Tie

Did the Impersonator and Murderer of the Trusted Railway Servant hear the Discussion on the Secret Project Plan Forty-five?

By Ralph Arnold

THE general wearily pushed back his chair.

"The Secretary of State has called for an immediate report," he said, "and I can't see that we have reached any conclusion—or have we? Will someone sum up, please?"

The man in the baggy, brown suit who had hardly spoken a word during the long discussion laid down a foul briar pipe, ran his fingers through his untidy hair and proceeded to give a surprisingly lucid *exposé*.

"It had been planned some considerable time in advance that the Secretary of State, accompanied by naval, military and civilian advisers, should visit Port W.M. It is now 03.20 hours, 19 July. The visit was paid, as arranged, yesterday, 18 July.

"The superintendent of the South-Western Railway Company, who is here with us now, had placed his own saloon train at the disposal of the party. It should be appreciated that this is a 'special'—comprising a locomotive, a large saloon complete with kitchen and pantry and an observation car in rear. The crew consisted of a driver, a fireman and one Bonnington, an old and trusted railway servant, who combined the function of steward and cook.

"At the last moment the Secretary of State was prevented from coming and the Under-Secretary took his place.

"The journey to Port W.M. was uneventful and the inspection was duly carried out. The special left the Port station on its eastward return run at 18.30 hours and an early dinner was served between Stour Street and Blindgroom, certain cooked provisions having been taken aboard the train at the former station. After dinner, an informal conference was held in the saloon, the members of the party keeping their places round the four dining tables.

"This morning's meeting was called to determine first whether, in the course of this informal conference, mention was made of any matter, knowledge of which it is vital to deny to the enemy; second, to determine at what stage in the journey such a disclosure was made—if it were made; and, third, to determine whether, at the relevant time, the steward entered the saloon, or was present in the saloon, on duty. It was found urgently necessary to inquire particularly into these questions in view of the fact that the body of Bonnington, the steward, was picked up at 21.30 hours last night by the side of the line midway between Spider's Castle and Leacon Junction, and it is, therefore evident that during a part of the return journey the party in the saloon, all of whom are present here this morning, were the victims of a successful impersonation carried out by an enemy agent."

The man in the brown suit paused.

"We have established that mention, and mention in some detail, was in fact made of the secret project known as Plan Forty-five. The subject was broached in the course of the informal conference and the plan was discussed in general and in particular terms. But the discussion of this topic was of short duration. All the participants agree that it occupied no longer than six to eight minutes. On the other hand, it is in the recollection of one at least of those present that the steward did in fact enter the saloon while discussion of the plan was in progress, passing from table to table, refilling liqueur glasses."

The man in the brown suit cleared his throat.

"It is necessary to pay particular attention to times and places. A stop was made, according to schedule, at Blindgroom. Dinner was ending and it has been established, beyond any doubt, that Bonnington was alive at this point on the journey, for he had some conversation with the Blindgroom station-master who was an old acquaintance. Let us assume that X, the substitute-Bonnington, boarded the special train at Blindgroom, taking temporary refuge in, say, the lavatory. Once on the train he could not, we are agreed, have remained hidden from Bonnington for any length of time. Space is too confined. Within a few minutes, then, of joining the special, X must have murdered Bonnington in his kitchen and must have himself assumed both the disguise and the office of steward. And since we know that the informal conference in which Plan Forty-five was discussed took place after dinner, or, in other words, after the train had pulled out of Blindgroom station, then we must also assume that it was X, the agent, and not the entirely reliable Bonnington who refilled the liqueur glasses in the saloon. On the other hand a stop was made, again according to schedule, at Spider's Castle, a station some thirty miles east of Blindgroom. The stop was a short one and while the Spider's Castle station-master spoke to the driver and to the fireman, no one on the station remembers seeing the steward. It is quite possible that it was here that X joined the train, and not at Blindgroom. Unluckily, owing to an exceedingly strange circumstance, even if we could prove—which we can't—that X did not board the special until Spider's Castle, we still should not know whether it was Bonnington or X who was present in the saloon during the vital discussion."

The man in the brown suit gave a small, dry, disapproving cough.

"I'm sorry about that," said the admiral. "I do remember the train stopping—I know now that it was at Spider's Castle—but the stop did not interrupt our argument and I cannot, for the life of me, recollect whether mention of Plan Forty-five was made before or after that stop. And the others, I fancy, are equally unhelpful."

The representative from the Ministry of Shipping nodded.

"I only remember that the steward came into the saloon while we were discussing the plan," he said, "because he filled up my glass—we were drinking kümmel, and I drank to the success of the project."

The man in the brown suit sighed.

"And I suppose," he said, "that not one of you has revived a dormant suspicion of the steward who served you during the last part of the journey?"

The Under-Secretary of State shook his head.

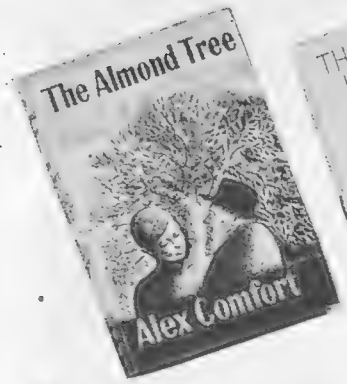
"I had no suspicions at all—at any time. Bonnington was a very ordinary-looking, elderly, respectable railway servant: I have a recollection of a white coat and a white chef's cap, a bushy brown moustache and tortoiseshell rimmed spectacles. All, alas, easy disguises to assume."

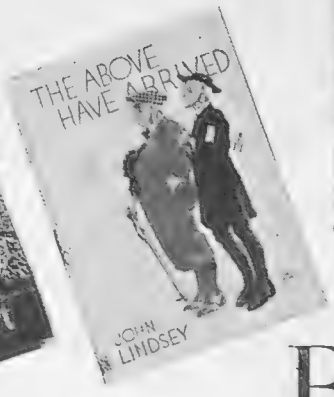
The young gentleman from the Foreign Office chipped in.

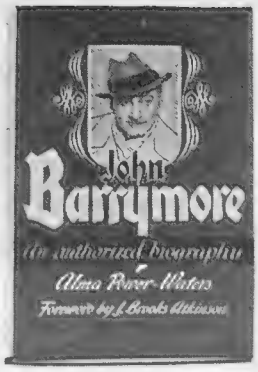
"Surely," he (*Continued on page* 66)

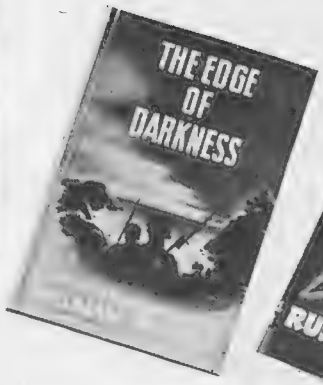
Illustrated by Jack Faulks

"When he bent down to give me some more kümmel I noticed there was dried shaving soap on the side-piece of his spectacles"









BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Noel Thompson

I MENTIONED some time ago that the tales of adventure and suffering in occupied countries were likely to provide a spate of books in the near future.

My prophecy is coming true sooner than I expected and if they are all up to the standard of "The Edge of Darkness" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) I shall certainly have nothing to complain about.

William Woods has taken Norway for his theme, and the little fishing village of Trollness in the north. The villagers are waiting for the arrival of the English and constantly plan their little campaign of violence against the hated invaders. The old schoolmaster, the doctor, the storekeeper, the farmer, the fishermen and even the Polish woman of the town are all involved. Here is fine character drawing by an expert, both of residents and their life, and of invaders; and a fine dramatic ending.

Can we, in fact, fulfil the hopes which are based on us? Can we one day make the dreams which have lasted so long come true, before it is too late? At any rate this book is an inspiration to do so.

Curiously enough, this month there are three books which deal with old houses and families with long histories. Firstly, Angela du Maurier produces "Treveryan" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.). This is the tale of an ancient Cornish family and their mansion. Basically it deals with the tragedy of madness, an unpleasant topic, but this is well handled and is written with a fine delineation of character. Bethel, Veryan and Derryn are the two sisters and brother who make up the tragic family. This is an artistic piece of work. Is some of the genius of the author of Peter Ibetson coming out?

Family story number two is "Peculiar Triumph" by D. C. F. Harding (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.). Here there is no madness, but a straightforward old English family, whose head dies leaving an unexpected illegitimate son to take over the historic mansion of Plaquets (dating from Marlborough and named after the Battle of Malplaquet).

The story is told partly through the stubs of old cheque books and partly through reminiscences. It is thoroughly human and an excellent portrayal of one part of England's past greatness. The book lives up to its title and is, indeed, a peculiar triumph.

Third on the list is "The Fetch" (Hutchinson, 9s.) which again reverts to the idea of madness. Joseph Shearing tells a fantastic, grim and macabre tale. I am not one to judge such a tale because the spun out mystery, with all the weird and the mad always on the horizon, is not my type of enjoyment. A fetch, I should explain, is the apparition of someone who still lives, and the question is, does the only heir of a famous old family really see one, or not.

The intricacies are well worked out, the suspense long delayed, and the lover of the macabre would probably find it satisfactory.

I am deliberately putting in juxtaposition John Lindsey's "The Above Have Arrived" (Rich and Cowan, 9s.). This is at the opposite end of the scale in subject and style, dealing, as you may have guessed from the title, with horse-racing. In fact it is the saga of two Irish brothers, a retired colonel and a retired dean to whom racing is as the blood of life, although they rarely have a penny to bless themselves with. A lucky win allows them to follow their system from Ireland to Newmarket, Ally Pally and the West End of London, and naturally they cannot keep out of trouble.

This is light-hearted reading about a lovable couple of frauds and I had some good laughs apart from plenty of chuckles. Knowledge of racing is not essential for enjoyment of this book.

I regret that I was too young to see John Barrymore's *Richard III* or his *Hamlet*, but I saw and admired many of his films. Now his biography has appeared, written by the wife of the manager of his theatrical company and his fans can learn the whole truth about this erratic genius. "John Barrymore" (by Alma Power-Waters, Stanley Paul 12s. 6d.) is an entertaining book, though not written with professional skill. At any rate it does not whitewash, except possibly by omission. There is a nice story (*Continued on page* 65)

THE REAL GERMANY

I GIVE "Refugee" (Rich and Cowan, 12s. 6d.) wholehearted approval and recommend it. The authors are unknown officially, but they are husband and wife, Germans, and true Aryans. The husband suffered inside concentration camps, and the wife outside, but it is hard to say which was the greater suffering.

Husband was a young soldier of the last war, and thereafter a pacifist, which made him a marked man as soon as Hitler came to power. Apart from that neither liked the Nazis and so they suffered from 1933 onwards.

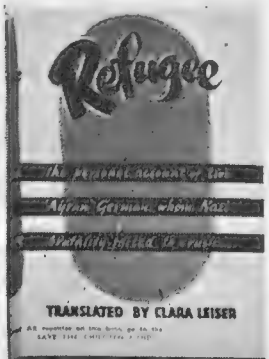
Credit must be given to Clara Leiser for her translation of their joint story and to all concerned for the way it is told. It starts with the last war and the starvation years that followed. Then follows the Hitler period, and I defy any one to beat this tale so simply told of the facts of how an ordinary man and woman could and did suffer. The stories of the concentration camps are not for weak stomachs.

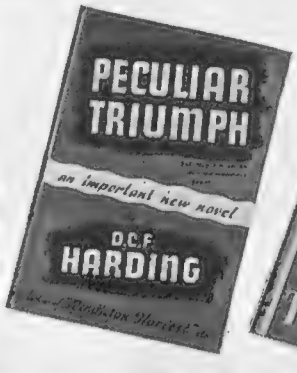
And finally the escape from Germany is more dramatic than any film, for by that time you realise that it is not the hero and heroine and child who are escaping, but ordinary, simple civilians.

If every reader will realise that this is a picture of Germany we shall be in a better way to prepare for the future and, I hope, in a better mood to fight in the present.

And the very fact that it is written without bitterness makes it more convincing.

All royalties from the book are being given to charity.





The Days Draw In

The coming winter crops up in conversation with gloomy persistence every now and again.

There is no point in denying the fact that we don't welcome it. This is the fourth winter of war and as time goes on it doesn't get any easier.

All right. Nobody minds admitting that another six months of blackout will call for some teeth gritting. The really important thing is to get the admission off our chests and then get busy right away making things as comfortable and as cheerful as skill and common sense can make them.

Housewives have a special mission in this sense. It is their responsibility to make a good job of easing the winter's gloom for the family.

A campaign of comfort can be launched in two ways. One psychological and the other practical.

You know the value of a warm and comforting personality in the home. Well, let that personality be yours.

It is very difficult to define those qualities which endow a home with comfort, cheerfulness, companionship and rest. It is a combination of love and efficiency; of cheerfulness and good cooking; of unselfishness and the right amount of polish under the mats.

Most women with a reasonable experience of home-making have these qualities. Not all of us bother to use them. The time has come now, this winter, for each of us to use these qualities for all we are worth. A lot depends upon it.

The other half of the campaign is purely practical.

Before the winter really pounces and begins to sap initiative get out a plan of campaign. Anticipate the troubles that are coming to your home and nip them in the bud.

Fuel, for instance. It promises to take all you've got in the way of initiative and scheming power to cope with the fuel shortage and keep the family as warm as they would wish to be.

If it is a question of shifting the rooms around somehow so that you can do with fewer fires, or by using a smaller room to save coal, do the shifting now. If it is a matter of taking the family out on Saturdays and Sundays to gather wood and build up a good fuel reserve, sell them the idea at once.

If, on the other hand, an adjustment to the sitting-room grate will result in the available heat coming out into the room instead of wafting up the chimney, get it done now.

Cracked firebricks at the back of the grate are a menace. They waste coal and diffuse the heat. Repair these by brushing out loose dust and ashes, soaking well, and then filling the crack with one of the prepared cements like Pyruma. Fill in the back of the grate, if it is a very large one, with a firebrick. In most cases you get sufficient heat and save a considerable amount of fuel this way.

Fetch out the hammer and some tintacks. Arm yourself with a roll of felt and spend the afternoon filling in those gaps around the doors and windows which let in such cold blasts of air and cause the temperature to fall.

Stop loose windows from rattling. To make windows really wind and rain proof fix some beading, specially made for the purpose, between the window and frame. It is quite simple to tack the beading to the frame.

Have gutters cleared of dead leaves before the winter really sets in. This sort of clearance prevents those dreary overflows which come when rain and snow are heaviest. These accidental cascades are not only dreary and uncomfortable to have about, but are definitely harmful to the walls.

Take some steps to protect (*Continued on page* 63)

. . . To Remind You

It seems incredible after so many reminders, but some of us are still overlooking vital measures of security.

Here's a quiz to try upon yourself:

Do you know where your local Warden's Post is? Could you go straight to your Casualty Clearing Station or the Decontamination Centre in a serious emergency?

Are the sandbags at your front door still usable, or have you let them rot so that, in the event of firebombs on your home, they might as well not be there?

Is your gas mask in perfect order? Have you got a supply of anti-gas ointment right near at hand and would you really know how to set about washing off the effects of blister gas with warm soapy water if the worst happened?

Do you really know your way around the ration books? Have you mastered the system so thoroughly that your household never adds to the work of the tradesmen or the food office?

While we are at it, here is the subject of salvage again. The organisation for reclaiming valuable scrap is really coming along in a big way. The authorities are doing good work and it is up to us women to assure the success of their organisation by establishing a hundred per cent personal organisation for salvage in our home.

Keep on bringing out every morsel of paper. Don't let a single bit get past you. Keep bones and rubber and tins and everything salvageable neat, easy to handle, ready for the collector to take away.

Be a really conscientious person about fuel saving this winter. Use the electric iron a little less. Save all your ironing for one effort. Don't keep switching on for odd pieces of ironing.

Take just a little less water in your bath if you are using an electric or gas heater. Hot bath water up to the neck is delicious, but it isn't necessary in these critical times.

Replace the sixty-watt bulbs in less vital regions of the house with forty watt or even twenty. These small savings are important when a great many practise them.

Street Savings Groups are breaking records and storing up after-the-war nest eggs everywhere around the country. Couldn't you lead a group in your street? Lay off a few cigarettes every day and use the money to give you a start.

Maybe you are doing all these things. Even so, check up. Keep up to scratch.

Pot Pourri

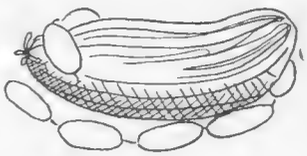
Ever tried french beans with mushrooms? Field mushrooms should be around this month, making it not too expensive.

Allow ½ lb. mushrooms to the pound of beans, which you cook as usual. A few minutes before the beans are ready, sauté the mushrooms in a little fat. Drain the beans, put in the mushrooms and fat, season well and beat up together to make a separate course.

Peas and mushrooms are good, too (same proportions). So are peas and carrots or peas and turnips (half-and-half mixture), and peas and cauliflower (twice as much cauliflower as peas). Also french beans with equal quantities of sliced carrot.

Marrows can be stuffed with herbs and breadcrumbs or savoury meat mixtures; or try a small marrow with sausages. Halve the marrow and remove seeds. Brown sausages in frying-pan (no fat) for five minutes; arrange them in each half-marrow and bake in a moderate oven.

Here's a way of dealing with ordinary boiled marrow which is left over: coat it with cheese sauce, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and grated cheese, and brown under the grill.



Two things can be done to prevent cheese from getting dark yellow in colour, hard as leather, and bedewed with strange moisture. Either keep it in the refrigerator, wrapped in margarine paper and put in a tightly covered container, or put into a jar, lay a cloth moistened with vinegar over the top, and store in a cold place.

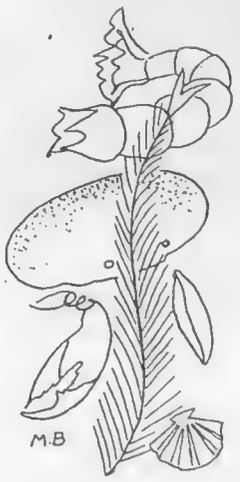
Even in the best-regulated households, hard ends of cheese are bound to collect. Use them to grate over vegetable soups just before serving, or over vegetables, or on salads.

Make tarragon vinegar (adding the leaves to the vinegar bottle) before it is too late. Also preserve herbs for winter by hanging up to dry and then storing in paper bags. To keep parsley green, put it in a hot oven for one minute only.

Not even apple peelings need be wasted. They make a sweet sauce for puddings. Simmer them in water, with some cloves and a little lemon substitute, for about fifteen minutes. To half a pint of sauce add an ounce of sugar and a few drops of carmine. Mix a dessertspoonful of arrowroot to a paste with a little cold water and add to the boiling sauce. Cook for a few minutes, stirring constantly.

Mixed-on-the-spot french dressing for salad must, in the absence of salad oil, become a kind of vinaigrette. It will be vastly improved by the addition of fresh herbs. Mix into the dressing of salt, pepper and vinegar—bruising well to extract the flavour—one or two teaspoonfuls of finely chopped onion, chives or shallot and parsley. Or of finely chopped tarragon or mint or chervil. Or grated horse-radish. Or capers. Or tomato pulp.

Even now, after three years of war, too much food is wasted in many households. Learn from French cooks who, even in normal times, make soup from fish-bones, the shells and scraps from lobsters and crabs, and other unpromising remnants.



No need to expend any of that useful one-and-nine a dozen dried egg powder on brushing over pastry. Instead of beaten egg, mix a little milk and custard powder together and brush over pie crust before baking.

One of the best ways of using these eggs, people are finding, is to make an omelette—either turned over in the usual way, or flat, like a Spanish omelette. The equivalent of three eggs will serve four people if you eke it out with a little chopped bacon and plenty of chopped, cooked vegetables. Or sauté field mushrooms in fat and add them to the mixture.

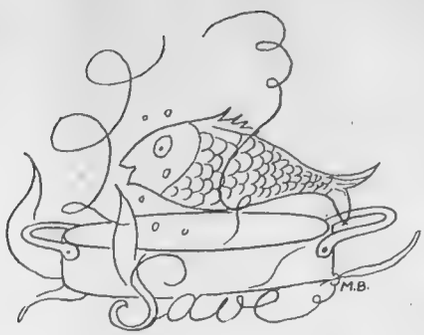
Usual way of reconstituting dried egg is to mix one level tablespoonful of egg powder with two of water (equivalent to one egg) and allow to stand five minutes before working out lumps and beating. You will find it better, however, to leave for two hours instead of five minutes when making moulded or steamed dishes—custard for instance. And, if you're making Yorkshire pudding, the equivalent of half an egg is enough for a half-pint mixture.

Lettuces gone to seed make a delicious soup and an equally good braised vegetable, either alone (in which case a grating of nutmeg over the dish is an improvement), or with peas. Celery leaves make an attractive garnish, or they can be dried, powdered and bottled to use as flavouring. Red cabbage or beetroot needn't be served cold in vinegar. Either will make a good, hot vegetable dish.

Stewed apples have a better flavour and, of course, will be cooked more economically if you cut them in quarters without peeling or coring and stew with a very little water and sugar; when soft, put through a wire sieve to eliminate pips and bits of core.

To stretch the points when using canned salmon for salad, blend the flaked fish with an equal quantity of well-whipped cooked potato, whisked with a wire whisk. Fork up pork sausage meat with an equal quantity of breadcrumbs and a sprinkling of chopped parsley. To make an economical Welsh rarebit, blend two heaped tablespoonfuls of fine breadcrumbs with two tablespoonfuls of milk or ale and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese.

It seems a pity to waste the skins from the children's oranges, and you won't want to save more than one or two in grated form to use as flavouring. You might care to try making marmalade with them. Soak the cut-up rinds of 3 or 4 oranges in 1½ pints water for forty-eight hours, and boil until soft. To each pint of skins and water add ½ pint apple pulp, and to each pint of the mixture allow ¾ lb. sugar. Boil till it sets when tested.



When boiling white fish, amateurs often produce a soggy, unappetising result because they allow the water to "gallop." Fish should, in fact, be boiled very gently. It's a help if you add vinegar to the water to keep the fish white. And be sure to drain the fish well.

Don't be impressed by the legend that it takes a "light hand" to make good pastry. Heavy-handed Amazons can do just as well if they follow the recipe carefully. You needn't use those heavy hands at all—a good, flexible knife is better, particularly if the hands are hot, for it's perfectly true what they tell you, that everything used in pastry-making should be as cold as possible, except the oven.

You save fuel if you pot-roast a small joint instead of using the oven, and you give it a better chance to become tender, since it requires a long, gentle heat when cooked in a casserole. Put in plenty of sliced vegetables with the meat, and after browning the surface of the joint over strong heat, put the casserole on a very small fire, and baste frequently.

Now that jellies are no longer ready-made in packets, we have to get right back to Nature in the form of calf's foot or cow heel.

First catch your heel by switching your blandishments on the butcher. Wash, cut up and put in a panful of cold water. Bring to the boil, pour off the water and wash the heel. Cover with fresh water and reboil, simmering till liquid is reduced by half. Strain off, and take grease off the top when cold.

Melt jelly gently in a pan, and flavour with sugar and fresh fruit juice. Set in a wetted mould.

Use cheese and dried beans to turn a salad into a meal in itself. Take 2 oz. grated cheese, ½ lb. cooked Pinto beans, salt, pepper, a few breadcrumbs, sliced tomatoes, green salad, vinegar, and mustard. Mash the beans while they are still hot. Mix in the cheese, with seasonings, a dash of vinegar and made mustard, and enough breadcrumbs to bind. Shape into balls, and serve on a bed of dressed green salad, surrounded by sliced tomatoes sprinkled with chopped parsley.

You would think no one could go wrong in the simple matter of soaking dry or stale bread for making in cakes, puddings and other dishes. But there is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, as the echo from our distant childhood tells us.

It's a bad idea to soak bread in boiling water, as so many people do. It's also a bad idea to cut it into pieces with a knife. Bread mops up water quickest and best when the water is cold and the bread is broken, with jagged edges which absorb the moisture.

Rabbits should be more plentiful—or shall we say less scarcer—this month. A young rabbit roasted might almost be chicken, if you disregard its shape and its bones. Serve with it a bread sauce which has in it as much onion as you can spare.

By Harriet Muir

The Ministry of Food cook at the Ministry's "Practical Kitchen"—which is fitted up just like any kitchen in any normal house, and not like a demonstration show-piece—showed me a useful way of using stale bread for a marmalade pudding. Cream up 1 oz. margarine, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 dried egg. Add a little salt, about 2 tablespoonfuls of household milk, 2 oz. flour, 1 tablespoonful marmalade, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, and a breakfastcupful of soaked bread, squeezed and dried. Put a tablespoonful of marmalade at the bottom of a bowl, pour in the mixture and steam about one and a half hours.

A steamer saves fuel because it allows you to cook a complete meal on one burner. But then your good intentions are thwarted when you go to buy a steamer, because usually there just isn't one to be had. This Ministry cook had a cute solution of the difficulty.

Over a saucepan she placed, instead of a lid, a sandwich tin punched full of holes. Inverted over this was a deep cake tin of the same diameter. And in that she steamed puddings, cakes, vegetables with equal success. You might try it some day. Another gas economy—put a sheet of iron over the gas ring, big enough to keep three or four pans simmering at once.

Make a note of these miscellaneous wrinkles. To remove grease quickly from soup or gravy, strain while hot through a clean cloth damped with cold water. To save time and fuel when cooking an outsize beetroot, cut it in half and singe the cut surfaces with a red-hot poker to prevent "bleeding." If soup is too salt, put in a piece of raw potato and boil a few minutes. To prevent fur from collecting in the kettle, put in a small square of loofah or a child's marble.

Jams and Preserves

Apple and Blackberry Jam

2 lb. blackberries; 4 lb. apples; 4½ lb. sugar.

Pick over the blackberries, put them into a bowl with 1 lb. sugar and leave for twelve hours. Then stew until juice is drawn out. Peel and core the apples and cut in chunks; put them in a preserving pan, strain the blackberries into it, put in the remaining sugar. Boil slowly for about fifty minutes. Pour into hot jars and cover.

Damson and Marrow Jam

3 lb. damsons; 3 lb. peeled marrow; 1 pint water; Sugar.

Cook damsons in ½ pint water, and when done rub through a sieve. Cube the marrow and cook in the other ½ pint water until soft. Combine pulp, and to each pound allow 1 lb. sugar. Stir in the sugar till melted, and boil the juice hard until a little will set on a saucer. Pot up as usual.

Beetroot Pickle

4 beetroot (cooked); 12 each of peppercorns 2 onions; and allspice; Vinegar; Salt.

Slice beetroot and onion thinly, and put into jars in alternate layers, sprinkling with salt and peppercorns and allspice. Pour over enough vinegar to cover, and seal.

Green Tomato and Apple Chutney

2 lb. green tomatoes; 2 lb. windfall apples; ¼ lb. onion (minced); ½ lb. sugar; 1 oz. mustard seed; 24 peppercorns; ¼ oz. allspice; 1 pint vinegar; 2 oz. salt.

Slice apples and tomatoes and boil in the vinegar till soft. Sieve to take out the apple cores and add the onion and spices, with the salt. Simmer for one and half hours until chutney is quite thick; add the sugar and cook a little longer until it is the consistency of thick jam. Put into hot jars and seal.

Is It True That . . .

Walking too early will cause bandiness and distortion of the bones in little children?

Formerly when rickets (softening of the bone structure) was far more prevalent than now owing to ignorance with regard to the principles of diet, this was true. In the absence of rickets when the bones are healthy they will normally support the weight as soon as nature indicates that the time is ripe for walking, though to stand a baby on its feet before he shows an inclination to walk is inadvisable.

Girl babies are easier to rear than boys?

Statistics seem to prove that this is so. Mortality rate among boys is twenty per cent higher in the first year than among girls. Reasons so far as they are known are too complex to be given here.

A child can inherit drunkenness from parent or grandparent?

Scientific opinions now reject the possibility that this is so. It is agreed that example and environment are forceful influences after birth and during the impressionable years of character formation, but that a child can actually be born with an inherited weakness for alcohol is not a fact.

The scientific care and attention lavished upon richer children is ineffective, and that in the rough-and-tumble existence of the poor, children survive equally well?

No, this is definitely not true. The wards and out-patients departments of our great hospitals are crowded to capacity with cases, of all ages, which are the direct result of under-nourishment, unhygienic environment and conditions generally associated with poverty and ignorance.

Yearly casualties among children in this country from road accidents are higher than from any cause, other than just disease?

Yes, in the second year of war 1,500 children were killed and 30,000 injured in road accidents. The position is, in fact, so serious that the Government is sponsoring an all-out campaign to make parents and others more conscious of the appalling tragedy of these figures. Points pressed are these: Train your children to keep to the footway; to wait at the kerb until the road is clear before crossing. Teach children where to cross roads and to rely on grown-ups when in doubt. Prohibit playing in the road or around stationary vehicles. Never send children alone on errands.

Thumb sucking is really harmful, and why?

Yes, thumb sucking is just as dangerous as a comforter and for the same reasons. As an established practice, it leads to malformation of the palate. In addition, the unnatural constant stimulation of the gastric juices is harmful in a number of ways. Thumb sucking is easy to check if the habit is stopped when it first begins.

A shock or impression sustained by a pregnant woman may result in some deformity or birthmark appearing upon the child?

This is absolutely untrue according to modern scientific thesis. The only direct contact between a woman and her unborn child is through the food channel, by which means it is plainly impossible to communicate an impression.

Bed-wetting which continues beyond the age when children normally learn control is just an unfortunate phase or a sign of "backwardness" that will put itself right if left alone?

The answer is yes and no. If the bed-wetting of an older child is due, as in some cases, to mistakes of training in early childhood, the condition need not, obviously, give rise to anxiety on the score of a physical disorder. If the training has been adequate, however, and the condition persists, it is a mistake to assume that it will right itself by natural means. Treatment is definitely called for.

Sometimes the causes are physical, more often psychological. To neglect curative treatment is an error for which the child may probably have to pay in increased physical or psychological disorders in later life.

Children are bound to have the childish complaints like measles and whooping-cough, and that it is better to "get it over"?

A dangerous assumption. A child in good health in whom the natural resistance to infection is at its best should not, and will not necessarily develop these complaints. Precautionary measures consist in building up the natural resistance to the fullest extent. This is done by sustaining a well-balanced diet and increasing the intake of the protective vitamins. An abundance of fresh air, natural sleep and sunshine, whenever it is available, will ensure most of the work of protection. Direct contact with infection is another matter, of course, but even in these cases a healthy resistance will contribute to a rapid and complete recovery.

No surrender . . .

We have a chance to show our mettle in this war. We wanted equal rights with men and we have been taken at our word. We are glad that it should be so; proud to work for victory beside our men. And work is not our only task. We must triumph over the daily round, keep within ourselves the spirit of light-heartedness. We must see that our private troubles are not mirrored in our faces. We must aim for masculine efficiency without becoming hard. Above all, we must guard against surrender to personal carelessness. Never must we suppose that careful grooming is a quisling gesture. Now that we have so little leisure and so few beauty-aids, it is more than ever creditable to look our best. Let us face the future with high-held heads.

And let us always honour the subtle bond between good looks and morale.

PUT YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD **Yardley**

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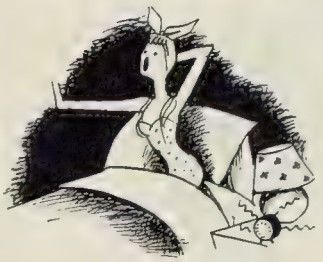
It's Bad For You . . .



TO JUMP OUT OF BED the very moment the alarm rings. Or to leave it so long after the alarm that you have to rush. This sudden activity is a shock when the system is torpid and the circulation moving slowly in sleep. Not serious in any way, but enough to make you feel below par for the rest of the day. Take a few minutes to stretch your limbs, collect your thoughts and start the system working on a new time rhythm before you get out of bed.

TO DRINK A LOT of any sort of liquid with your meals. This dilutes the gastric juices which mix with the food and promote the functions of digestion. By drinking copiously these functions are arrested. If you are really thirsty, drink before you begin to eat.

TO WALK HABITUALLY with your head forward and your shoulders slouched. This leads to permanent relaxing of the pectoral muscles and consequent sagging of the breasts. A correct posture with chin drawn in and head back, shoulders lowered and held in a straight line with the spine are essential measures to correct this. Arm lifting exercises will help a lot.

TO WASH YOUR FACE and neck in very hot water without afterwards dashing cold over the skin. Hot water relaxes the pores. These will stay relaxed and finally become chronically dilated unless by stimulating the flow of blood to the surface of the skin the activity of the pores is restored.

TO WEAR MISSHAPEN SHOES which encourage any tendency to structural weakness. Run down heels encourage weak ankles. If the upper of a shoe is worn broader than the sole, ankles and arches are more liable to collapse. Shoes should be discarded before these defects have become really serious, but, better still, some corrective measures should be taken so that the trouble does not develop at all.

TO GO TO BED with dirt or make-up on your face. Invisible particles of dust or of cosmetics embedded in the pores of the skin are the commonest cause of enlarged pores. Always use a cleanser.

TO MAKE A HABIT of taking rich and highly flavoured soups and savoury dishes or to be too lavish with condiments at meals. These spices upset the digestion in its processes of metabolism, with a result which is rapidly reflected in complexion troubles.

TO HAVE AN EXTRA HELPING of anything just because you still feel hungry. The feeling that you can eat a little more doesn't last. If you resist, it will be gone in a few minutes. If you succumb you are most likely to impose that extra tax upon your digestion which, after repetition, leads to so much general ill health.

TO READ A THRILLING BOOK, to enter into a controversial argument or to attempt to solve any serious problems just before going to bed if you are at all nervy or of the type that does not sleep well. Keep your brain as quiet as possible for at least an hour before retiring and sleep will probably come more readily.

TO FLOP when you relax in a chair. When sitting, the position of the trunk should be as upright as the standing one, with the balance centred on the thighs. This sounds unrestful, but it is not. If you want complete relaxation, lie down to it. Sitting can be restful without flopping, so that every muscle is allowed to sag.

TO TAKE A NAP after a heavy meal when you are feeling drowsy. This sleeping is not actually fatigue so much as Nature's warning that there is an insufficient supply of oxygen to the lungs due to pressure on the digestive system. Get out into the open and take a little exercise until the drowsiness has gone. You will feel much fitter in the end than by dozing off in a chair.

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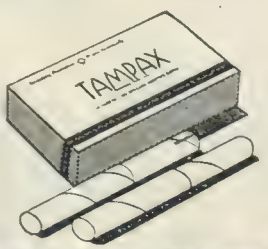

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NOW TEN SHADES

The Gnat and the Pig

(*Continued from page* 12)

Now the crew of the U-boat were hurriedly dropping down inside the conning tower. Evidently, they dared not risk staying longer on the surface. The commander paused to again shake vengeful fists skywards then followed his men. The lid of the conning tower clanged shut and the undersea boat began to gather way; to slowly submerge her sinister bulk.

To Gerrie seconds now seemed years. The speed of the Hurricane was cut down and the engine was now coughing and spluttering. He talked to it as if it were a live thing; pleaded with it, for by now the U-boat was half smothered in the fret of the grey seas.

With firm, skilled hands, Gerrie coaxed his plane. The Hurricane gamely responded. Shaking off its temporary lethargy it shot furiously downwards. Gerrie's lips compressed tautly. Three hundred—two—one. And at the end of one hundred feet of thin, strong, highly flexible wire trailed his two remaining bombs. If he could only get the pig boat broadside then he could not miss.

The forthcoming explosion would likely also blow him and his plane to pieces, but what of it? He hadn't enough fuel to get back with, anyway. And this was war; he and the Hurricane the price for destroying a U-boat. Not a steep price at all, but odd how a fellow's thoughts turned to others when he believed—no, knew—he would never see them again. Odd how——

Abruptly there came a shattering explosion that split the very seas in twain. Smoky red flames billowed skywards totally enveloping the Hurricane. Fragments of metal and men's bodies seemed to fill the whole sky. Gerrie was dazedly aware that his plane was spinning crazily and that the engine had stopped. Instinctively he fought to control his ship.

But things were no longer clear. Sky and sea were inextricably mixed. Vaguely he realised that the Hurricane had slammed right side up on the churning waters. She would float for a time, perhaps, but what of it? They could never find him now. Anyway, this drowsiness was not unpleasant. He slumped in his seat.

He neither saw nor heard the flying boat that, a few minutes later, slapped down upon the seas and in a welter of churning foam taxied alongside the remains of the Hurricane. He did not feel the strong hands that unbuckled his safety belt and gently lifted him aboard the larger plane. He did not hear the snatches of conversation, as—

"Badly hit but he'll recover—— Lucky that steamer sighted him and wirelessed us—— And he got a sub. as he swore he would—— A gnat got a pig boat!"

Followed the roar of powerful engines as Flight-Lieutenant James Gerrie was carried back towards rest and attention.

END

Calf Love

(*Continued from page* 19)

convoy's doo 'ere any time nah, yer know, 'e'll be back in 'arf an hour."

She reacted well to his assurances.

"Yes, of course—now let me see, where were we when he rang up?"

"Just goin' to phone the group captain to tell 'im that——"

"That what?" she flashed with a smile.

The leading tel. grinned. He had rather a nice smile, she thought.

"All right," she said, "I was going to tell him that we've at last succeeded in——" He leaned forward, all ears, and then the phone rang again.

"Hello—— Yes, sir, I was just going to ring you, sir—— It was the dockmaster, sir—— It's all fixed up now—towed two miles out to sea, sir—— Thank you, sir—— Oh, has he, sir? Yes, I'll tell him as soon as he comes back——

"There you are, Sparks—just like a man—nice as pie now we've done all his dirty work. Says the commander's just been to see him and is on his way back. Well, thank goodness, that job's done."

SHE sat down again, leaned back and closed her eyes momentarily.

"Pretty exhaustin' arternoon, miss," observed the leading tel. sympathetically. "The old man won't be 'ere for abaht twenty minutes, 'ave a smoke——"

He tossed a cigarette over to her. She lit up.

"Now," she began once again, "you know that wide part of the loch where the flying boats land?"

He nodded.

"Well, a few weeks ago, the cattle pen at one of the farms higher up the loch was blown down and—heavens, what's that. I'm sure it was an explosion out at sea." She ran to the window—in time to see a grey R.N. car draw up.

"Commander's back, Sparks!".

Hastily she stumped out the cigarette and opened a window and then—this time to her relief—the phone rang once more.

"N.O.I.C.'s office," she announced in her most business-like tone, and then a little less confidently: "Y-y-yes, I'll put you through now, sir."

The commander's footsteps creaked on the landing outside.

"C.O. Fighters on the phone for you, sir," she called out to the commander when he appeared at the door.

"Very good, put him through."

She was trembling a bit again and turned to the leading tel. for support.

"I wonder what he wants—oh, I wish——"

"Well, if yer really wants ter know—er—I don't want to suggest anythink unlidylike, but if yer reely wants to, 'ow abaht—er——" He waved vaguely towards the switchboard.

Without hesitation she took the hint.

"It's the first time I've ever done it," she murmured, as she moved the white key down.

"—— they were after your convoy, all right," she heard. "I know, but no damage I believe," came the reply. "No damage—and we got two of 'em—only one of ours, pilot safe—extraordinary story—youngest man in the squadron, and the best—engaged to one of your Wrens I believe—the dark one. We can pick 'em you know, as well as the Navy. Well, you know that dead beastie that used to float around the flying-boat path at high water——" She heard something like a small explosion from the commander's end.

"—— oh, sore spot, eh? Oh, never mind him, very irritable man the group captain, very irritable, however, as I was saying, this youngster sort of adopted the brute as the squadron's mascot—eccentric young fellah—he tells me he played hell with his Wren when he heard you'd had it taken out to sea—very nearly bust the engagement—anyhow a lucky one got him in the tank, he bails out and, damn me, if his life jacket didn't fail—pretty rough too; anyhow, he flounders around a bit, and suddenly this great soft object floats against him—amazing, isn't it—amazing! So he grabs it by the horns and hangs on quite happy until the rescue launch arrives; what? Don't know exactly—heifer or steer or bullock or whatever they call the damn things in this part of the country—seems to me a genuine case of calf love, eh? In more than one sense. Ha! ha! ha! Calf love, eh? Ha! ha! ha!——"

The receiver vibrated in her hand.

"Calf love—— Ha! ha! ha!—— Calf love. Ha! ha! ha!——"

And when she told the leading tel., he laughed even louder. And yet, somehow or other, it didn't seem nearly so funny to her.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

They go twice as far!
because an equal amount of water must be added

DELICIOUS & NOURISHING!

POULTON & NOEL'S SOUPS

Add these to your shopping list, too—Poulton & Noel's Beans in Rich Tomato Sauce, and Meat & Fish Pastes.

PNO 85-846-100 POULTON & NOEL LTD., SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX

Aristile AND Raystoc
(LISLE) (RAYON)

CREATED TO MEET
WAR-TIME CONDITIONS BY

Aristoc

The Aristocrats of fully-fashioned Stockings

Here's to our good health

There are plenty of things to eat but they are not equally nourishing—and nourishment is what children most need. Weetabix—only two 'points' for the small packet—is sheer nourishment down to the last crumb. It is made of the whole wheat grain, contains all the goodness of wheat and all the invaluable vitamins and mineral salts so richly found in wheat. So place Weetabix first on your monthly 'points' list and watch with delight how it builds up their strength.

Weetabix can be eaten dry, or with milk, soft fruits or with anything in the larder.

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½D
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1D

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

WX10

Want something new . . ?
make old things do!

If you've got an old 'Viyella' garment save money for the war effort by making something new out of it for someone in the family—a blouse for schoolgirl daughter, a frock-and-knicker set for baby or a little boy's playsuit. However well-worn it is 'Viyella' always keeps its smooth, healthy texture and clear colours—and, of course, always washes beautifully.

Thank goodness I always bought

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD. DAY & NIGHT WEAR VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

'Viyella'

Regd.

it lasts and lasts and lasts

R2c

Stomach Sufferer Says:—

I CAN NOW EAT ANYTHING

I will Recommend MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Dear Sirs,

I would like to express my sincere appreciation and gratitude for the wonderful way your MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder has helped me.

I am only 27 years old but have suffered torments for 6 years with Gastric trouble.

Six weeks ago my wife was advised to get some MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder for me.

I continued to take your Powder every day and I can honestly say I can now eat anything. I can assure you I will recommend MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder to all stomach sufferers I come in contact with without any hesitation.

Yours very gratefully,

H. C. G.

Surely this letter must give new confidence and new hope to every victim of indigestion.

Remember, despite rationing, we still receive a good sufficiency of nourishing food—all the more reason for not passing it by because of indigestion. Even occasional or slight sufferers from stomach trouble should remember the real health benefits to be gained from being able to eat with relish and appetite.

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, therefore, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 2/3. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes, or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax). Only genuine if the signature, ALEX C. MACLEAN, appears on the package.

Glorious To-morrow

(*Continued from page 16*)

should fall into the hands of the enemy. The crew and other officers were sent ashore. The two lieutenants, armed with hand grenades, went to the ammunition magazine, and threw in grenade after grenade until the shells detonated, and they perished in the explosion which destroyed their ship.

Another gallant Jugoslav naval officer, who fortunately survived, was the hero of one of the best submarine stories of the war. I heard it as he told it to King George VI on a recent visit to a submarine commanders' school. He only made one condition—that his own name must not be mentioned, and, therefore, I will call him merely Lieutenant G. This youth, still in his early twenties, brought an old and not very seaworthy Jugoslav submarine out of an enemy-occupied port, with a scratch crew, most of whom had never been under water before, leaking ballast tanks, compressed air tubes which burst half-way through the Mediterranean to Alexandria, batteries seven years old (two more than their guaranteed life) and a diving capacity officially rated at sixty feet but actually if perilously worked up to four times that depth. In doing so he had dumped his unpatriotic commander in the sea, scraped his way past the harbour boom by the light of a pocket torch and with only a foot to spare, dodged through an uncharted enemy minefield, and an unsuspecting enemy fleet, and risked detection by enemy planes during his slow progress, on defective Diesel engines and faulty motors (with no trained submarine engineers on board) and finally escaped a heavy bombing attack in harbour in Crete. He told me that when he dived he was never sure of being able to surface again.

THE greatest submarine feat of all, of course, and possibly the greatest single achievement of the war, is the escape of the Polish submarine *Orzel*. The man who planned, directed and carried out this amazing operation was a young, shy, gentle, almost effeminate Polish naval lieutenant, Jan Grudzinski, almost unique among Polish officers in that he neither drank nor smoked, and nicknamed, on this account, "The Young Lady."

The day after the Germans invaded Poland the *Orzel*, in which Grudzinski served, escaped from Gdynia under a hail of German bombs and made for the middle of the Baltic. Then the commander of the submarine was found to be sick of typhus. Grudzinski, the senior lieutenant on board, decided to make for the neutral Esthonian port of Tallinn and put his captain ashore there for medical treatment. The Esthonians, however, ordered the internment of the submarine. Two warships denied the Poles exit from the harbour. The shore batteries of the port trained their guns on them. The Esthonian government ordered the disarming of the vessel, and the removal of the submarine's guns and torpedoes was actually begun. But Grudzinski told his officers and crew: "We shall escape and we shall continue the fight."

While there still remained six torpedoes in the tubes, Grudzinski ordered the hoisting cables to be filed through. The Esthonians, unsuspecting the reason for this "accident," postponed the removal of the last torpedoes until the following day. That night the crew of the *Orzel* filed through the steel cables which moored them to the dock, and also the cables which supplied current to the searchlights on shore. The two Esthonian guards were seized, gagged and disarmed and shut in the hold. Later, when the Esthonians were spreading radio reports that the sentries had been killed, they were returned in the submarine's dinghy, with a bottle of whisky and Grudzinski's apologies for knocking down a monument at the harbour mouth with which he had collided on his way out.

The submarine was fired on by warships and shore batteries as it escaped.

Then began an extraordinary voyage to freedom which lasted for twenty-eight days.

NATIONAL EMERGENCY NOTICE

Take all empty tubes

shaving cream, tooth paste, ointment, paint, rubber solution, etc.

to your chemist

do not put with other metal salvage, or the vital tin and lead will be lost in the smelting

—they are wanted

for munitions

★

All proceeds will go to the

RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND

★

This space presented by the makers of EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE

★

Issued by

The Dentifrice Manufacturers of Great Britain

MRS 7-139

NUMBER ONE

CRISP DIALOGUE

He: Must keep my mind clear for to-day's big job.

She: *That's why you're having a Vita-Weat breakfast.*

He: It's certainly easy on the digestion.

She: *It's got plenty of Vitamin B in it, too.*

He: And it tastes as good as it's good for you.

She: *Easy on it, though. We can't get as much as we'd like.*

He: We'll ration ourselves now—but we'll go all out on Vita-Weat after the war.

Packets 1/6
When loose 1/4 per lb.

Vita-Weat

PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD

Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd. Makers of Famous Biscuits

They submerged at night and surfaced by day, keeping a sharp watch for enemy aircraft. They had no charts of the Baltic or of its narrow and dangerous channels to the North Sea. But the navigation officer drew from memory—aided by a list of lighthouses overlooked by the Esthonians—a rough chart which served them fairly well. It is now an exhibit in a British museum. With this they set out to hunt for German shipping as targets for their six precious torpedoes. They did not meet any, however, but they did come into dangerous proximity to German warships which turned their searchlights on them and forced them to dive hurriedly. On another day they surfaced only to find themselves in the track of a German destroyer bearing down on them.

Finally, when the officers and crew were exhausted by lack of sleep, strain and thirst (their water supply had run out) they sighted the British ship *Valorous* and were escorted in triumph to a British base.

Grudzinski, having made good his promise to escape, equally made good his vow to continue the fight. He fought the *Orzel* against Germany for nearly nine months after his epic escape through the Baltic minefields, sinking enemy ships, among them the large German troopship *Rio de Janeiro* off the coast of Sweden, in April, 1940. Two months later Polish headquarters announced that the *Orzel*, the great-hearted Grudzinski and his crew must be considered lost.

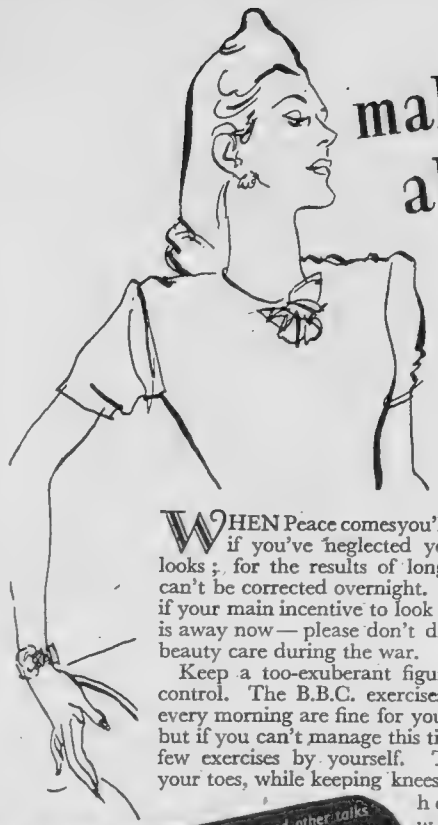
AFTER submarines, the air battles have provided the richest crop of individual exploits. "Cobber" Kain and Paddy Finucane, who have both, unhappily, joined the lost legion of air aces, have left the field to be disputed in friendly rivalry by two others—both, curiously, nightfighter pilots—Wing Commander Max Aitken and Flight Lieutenant Kutlvasr, the Czechoslovak flier. Kutlvasr (better known, and more easily addressed, as Kuttelwascher) is twenty-seven years old, is married to a Welsh girl who lives in a London suburb, and has shot down twenty-two German planes within the space of a few months. By the time this article appears in print his total of kills may have passed the thirty mark, for Kuttelwascher does not wait for the enemy to fly over this country, but likes to sit alone at night over the German aerodromes in France and pounce on the Dorniers and Heinkels and Messerschmitts as they return to a lighted flarepath, when he does not actually escort them back across the Channel.

Could there be stories of individual resourcefulness and daring in this war and no Frenchmen the heroes of them? The Fighting French have the answer. They can point to that young commander of the submarine *Narval* who, on learning of the terms of Armistice, sent the famous signal to the French Fleet: "Treachery all along the line. Am heading for a British port." They can claim the priest hero of Bir Hakeim, the Dominican father Savey who told the capitulators of Bordeaux: "My conscience does not allow me to remain with you. I am going to join the French who continue the fight." Father Savey fought in Libya, in Eritrea, where he was the first to enter Massawa and to haul down the Italian flag. He fought in Syria against his own countrymen. At the beginning of this year he was given the command of a battalion of French marines and he fell fighting at Bir Hakeim.

The commandos have recently added their own quota to the lengthening roll of this war's fighting men.

Guerrilla fighting, with which commando operations have something in common, has produced hundreds of heroes, many of them nameless, in the marshes of Russia and the mountains of Jugoslavia. Some of the finest of the war's natural fighters and leaders of fighting men have been revealed in these minor, often unrecorded wars. Many of the guerrilla leaders are women. There will thus be no lack of historic material for the Tolstoys, the Erich Maria Remarques, the Zolas and the Daudets who write the terrible and glorious stories of this war's feats of courage, endurance and sublime self-sacrifice.

END



make up your mind about beauty +

WHEN Peace comes you'll be sorry if you've neglected your good looks; for the results of long neglect can't be corrected overnight. So even if your main incentive to look beautiful is away now—please don't drop your beauty care during the war.

Keep a too-exuberant figure under control. The B.B.C. exercises at 7.40 every morning are fine for your figure, but if you can't manage this time, do a few exercises by yourself. Touching your toes, while keeping knees straight, helps to whittle away your waist, and lying flat on the floor while your legs ride an imaginary bicycle in the air can't be beaten for flattening hips. And for mental exercise, which is just as necessary as physical exercise, try to keep your mind alert by reading at least one newspaper a day, listening to the radio, and discussing what you read and hear.

Look to your skin. If you get spots, avoid starchy foods; eat more salads and vegetables and drink as much water as possible *between* meals. If, in these hard working days, you find it difficult to get into the open air as much as you'd like, spend a few minutes every morning before an open window practising deep breathing; breathe in deeply and out again—say 20 times.

If you have enlarged pores and oily skin caused by over-functioning of the sebaceous glands, treat the face to a vigorous nightly wash with soap and water, using a badger-hair or other soft brush round nose and mouth.

And since even the loveliest skin looks dreary without a little make-up, use some sparingly even in these times. But remember to save your precious Icilma products for those special occasions that still come along even in war-time.

cut this out and keep it with the good wishes of the makers of Icilma Beauty Products—Vanishing Cream, Cold Cream, Face Powder, Flesh-Tinted Cream and Shampoos. This, and other talks to follow, come to you

ICILMA CO. LTD., ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX

IC 276-810

Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhœa, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts. Children love its delicious taste.

Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere. Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

VAPEX

INHALANT

will stop that cold

a little goes a long way

HAPPY SNAPSHOTS

Will R Rose

23 Bridge St. Row CHESTER

For the finest developing and "MAGNA PRINTS" (REGD)

A good tale is none the worse for being twice told . . . So pleasant a tale as that of the excellence of Kia-Ora can never be told too often.

KIA-ORA

Lemon · Orange · Grapefruit
Lime Juice Cordial 2/6
Orange Barley, Lemon Barley 2/3

It Shines in the Services
NUGGET
BOOT POLISH
SUPREME For QUALITY N/HG

Nature's H.E.s

(*Continued from page* 31)

but the cows inside and the woman milking them were uninjured.

But it is not only the whirling winds of the tornado which cause wholesale devastation. At the centre of the funnel composing the tornado there is a partial vacuum in which air pressure is considerably reduced. When this central tube of the tornado passes over a house it removes some of the outside air pressure. But the air inside the house is at normal pressure and in its rush to escape it acts like exploding dynamite, bursting walls and shattering windows.

Apart from the terrible havoc it causes, this characteristic of a tornado, like its violent winds, is also responsible for some strange happenings. Corks fly from bottles and kegs split wide open when the tornado funnel passes over them. An eye-witness once saw the walls of a shop split wide open and a baby girl came sailing out through one of the cracks. She soared over the street in the arms of the tornado and landed, unharmed, in a garden several streets away.

I do not wonder that it is asserted that no man-made structure can withstand a tornado's fury and that the only barrier to its progress is a mountain range. But S. D. Flora, who was for thirty-five years a meteorologist of the United States Weather Bureau in Kansas which is the American tornado region, considers that a modern reinforced steel and concrete building might resist the havoc to a considerable extent. Apparently the best way to seek safety in such a building is to crouch against one of the inside partitions.

Fortunately most tornadoes spend their fury over the great desert lands of the southern United States. Rarely do they visit New York State. But occasionally this happens. Should New York itself ever receive a visitation experts think buildings like the Woolworth tower might not be blown over but the walls of masonry might be blasted away from their steel skeletons.

"Air raid" shelters have long been used in regions which are liable to attack by tornadoes. Special basements are built in the houses and what are called "cyclone caves" are permanent adjuncts to many of the school buildings. In some places subterranean vaults are also resorted to when a tornado is known to be on the rampage.

END

A Day with the Tank Testers

(*Continued from page* 13)

apply the corresponding brake, and the whole machine slews round.

Unless those brakes operate perfectly, the tank's manœuvrability may be hampered. We had just tested them—thoroughly. While the tester made a note about the behaviour of the brakes, the tank sizzled in warm air. The exhaust pipe was burning to the touch. I glanced round the track.

They had converted a piece of waste country into a real rough-riding circus. They had artificially devised every hazard. You could take your choice between charging rhinoceros fashion at solid bricks and mortar, or climbing the most precipitous hills mother nature ever saw. Or perhaps you would prefer to career round the track, Wild West fashion, standing in the turret as though on the saddle.

As a matter of fact that was the next trip we tried. The tester was watching the speeds this time. It felt as though we were travelling at something near sixty miles an hour. Actually, I am told, it was very different.

There were great gaps, colossal pot holes in that track. No question of trying to avoid them. Slap bang into and across them we crashed. This time I was standing in the turret. I had already learnt the trick of letting your body give to every

STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

Take care of your
BLANKETS

Blankets like fresh air and sunshine to keep them sweet and fresh and fluffy. Shake them well to keep them dust-free. Then hang them out on a sunny day.

Soap rationing means less frequent washing; so, keep your blankets clean and *freshen them often out-of-doors.*

Pure wool blankets are especially precious now—and if you have our "MODERNA" Blankets, you're lucky. They'll last till the end of the war and beyond, without shrinking or wearing thin.

There will be no new "MODERNA" Blankets till after the war. We now concentrate, at Govt. request, on standard "Utility" blankets, and look forward to the time when we can again offer "MODERNA" with its famous 3-Way Guarantee.

Thomas RATCLIFFE & Co. Ltd.
MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS.

movement of the tank, but every now and then, when something particularly perilous threatened, it was difficult to apply. I found myself gripping tightly. And that meant some hefty jars.

Another pause while the tester made further notes. Then we were off again to test turning power. We now performed a series of waltzing zigzags I still don't like to think about. Full out we crashed across rough country. Suddenly, back with the right lever. The right track locked and we slewed viciously. One moment we were crashing due south. Then in one abrupt, angular movement we were heading west.

It was a nightmare zigzag of right angles. A wild maze of movement. I collected a few more bruises and was breathing pretty heavily when we came to a standstill again.

The tester looked as cool as ever. He rolled a cigarette with great deliberation. Then he said: "Those petrol filters are not all they might be." Tanks going out to the Middle East are fitted with special filters against sand. They must be tested very carefully. Then there are the oil pressures, air filters, Morse lamp and vizor mechanism, all with their special tests.

There were three testers on the job at this particular rough-riding circus. None of them were given to talking much. But occasionally they had a pretty turn of slang. The "tin-can busters" they call themselves.

The reports of the testers go back to the works and every minute detail is given close attention. Sometimes they call the testers in to give a personal post-mortem on the part concerned. Nothing with the slightest sign of a flaw escapes attention.

END

Autumn Days

(*Continued from page* 29)

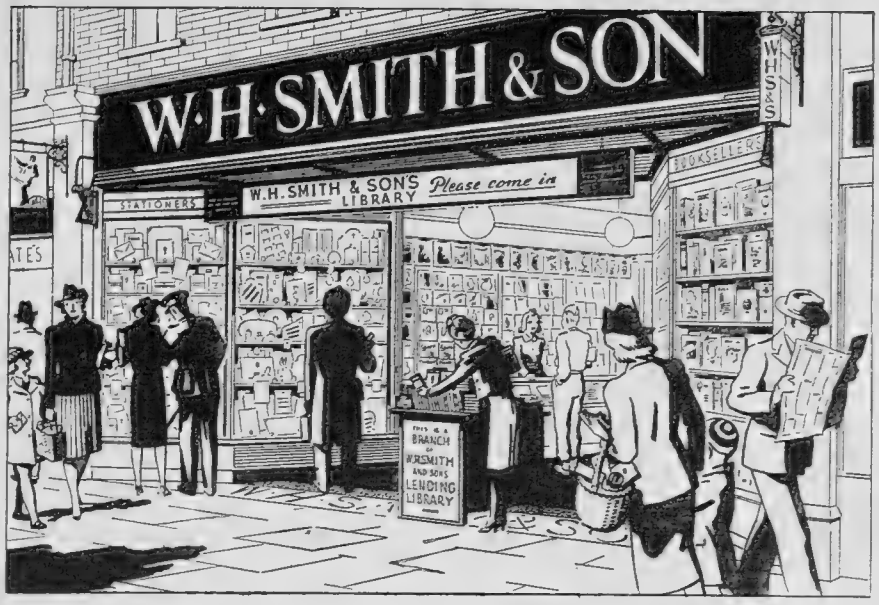
Only a few feet from the white-throat's nest, which the field mouse had now appropriated, was the nest of a hedge sparrow in which a young cuckoo had been reared. Long before he left the nursery he was much bigger than the birds that had reared him and while the majority of fledgelings migrate with their parents, the baby cuckoo stays in this country for several weeks after the adults have gone. Of course, adult cuckoos do not concern themselves with family affairs at all, and are content to leave the rearing of their young to those birds in whose nests the hen cuckoo places her eggs. Under these circumstances one could hardly expect them to take any interest in the migratory journeys of their progeny.

By September, however, practically all the fledgeling cuckoos have undertaken their long flight southward without any parental guidance or control.

Most of our resident birds have, of course, finished with family affairs, having safely launched their broods upon the world, and are now enjoying a well-earned rest. But there are exceptions, and on the day of which I am writing, I was fortunate enough to see a lovely wood-pigeon in her Royal Air Force blue attire, devotedly attending to the needs of her twins. Twins are the utmost to which a wood-pigeon aspires, but three and sometimes four such broods are raised in a season which explains why the autumn days frequently find these beautiful birds still busy with domestic matters.

One or two belated pairs of thrushes and blackbirds were busy collecting worms for their youngsters which, even though they had left the nursery, were still dependent upon their parents. This was also true of a pair of sparrow-hawks whose bulky nest of heavy twigs was placed high up in a fir tree and even though I could not see into the nest, the noisy chatter of baby voices that reached my ear plainly told me that there were still chicks at home clamouring for food.

Nothing comes amiss to the fox's omnivorous appetite. Birds, rats, mice, voles and rabbits, as well as domestic poultry, all come within the scope of his menu. Occasionally one sees a fox abroad during the hours of daylight at this time of year. It is, however, generally a cub which, even though nearly as big and golden-red as (*Continued on page* 58)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BOOKSELLERS
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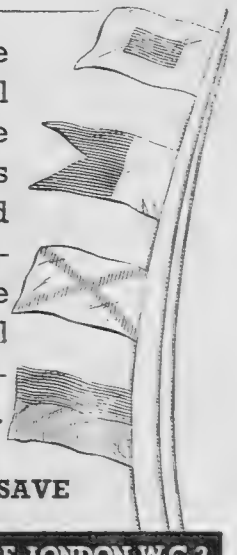
1500 Shops and Station Bookstalls in England & Wales.

Smith's are honorary official sellers for the National Savings Movement, and can supply or obtain at short notice all the National Savings Certificates you require.



THE SIGNAL IS SAVE

W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD. Head Office: STRAND HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

Gas
WATER HEATERS
by
MAN
their reliability is emphasised today

It Has Really
BUCKED ME UP

I Feel a New Woman Thanks to Yeast-Vite

London, E.C.2.
June 9th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I should write and tell you what a lot of good Yeast-Vite has done me. I had very bad nerves, sometimes fear came over me for nothing. Then I read about your famous Yeast-Vite and bought a small bottle for trial. I took two tablets after meals and three tablets before bed, and two days later I felt much better.

It is now three weeks since I have taken your Yeast-Vite, and I feel so grateful. I would not be without Yeast-Vite in my home. It has really bucked me up; I feel a new woman.

My husband is so pleased that I am so much better and I am now going back to work.

I should like to tell all the people in the world that your famous Yeast-Vite will really banish nerves.

(Sgd.) Mrs. W.

"A WONDERFUL TONIC"

Sheffield, 8,
May 28th, 1942.

Gentlemen,

There is not the least doubt about your Yeast-Vite Tablets being a wonderful tonic. I am working 16 to 18 hours a day and feel very fit. I am over 70 years old.

(Sgd.) T. B.

"A BOON TO ME"

Oxford,
June 16th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

My friends and I have always derived much benefit from Yeast-Vite Tablets and, personally, I would never be without them, for they have been a boon to me during the long working hours.

I am 42 and am working full time in a retail grocery store, which means much brain work and patience, and I am convinced that it is Yeast-Vite Tablets that enable me to keep pace with girls half my age.

(Sgd.) Mrs. C.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets are sold everywhere, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1'4 and 3'3 per bottle, including Purchase Tax. Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford

its elders, is still somewhat ignorant concerning the ways of the wild. I remember once, while blackberry picking, coming face to face with a young fox. For an instant or two we stood staring at each other, then the elegant animal vanished silently into the surrounding bracken.

Indeed the bracken and the fern hold many a secret these autumn days, and to any one who can snatch an hour from the circumstances of the moment, the joyous countryside will prove an excellent restorative for jaded nerves and anxious minds.

END

Autumn Days

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

African coast, as they had little faith in the real nature of the expedition. Why had he steered for the Canaries?

Even nature seemed to be in the conspiracy against him, for on the night of the 24th, as he sailed along the coast of Tenerife, the volcano on that island burst into such a terrific eruption that it appeared to set the sea on fire with boiling lava. The frightful spectacle had a bad effect on the crews, who took it for an omen of destruction.

On September 6th, the order was finally given to make for the open sea, heading due west. And now the real voyage of Columbus began, for he could put all thought of Europe behind him.

They had not gone far when the wind abated and the sails dropped, and there was not a vestige of breeze. Thoughts of the Portuguese squadron were ever present in the troubled mind of Columbus, but he consoled himself with the reflection that if there was no breeze for him, then there was none for them. Two nerve-racking days went by, till at last the wind rose, the sails bellied out and the prows of the ships clove bravely through the water. By the dawn of September 9th no vestige of land could be seen.

From this moment loud murmurs of discontent began to be heard all over the *Santa Maria*. They had been told that they were headed for the island of Cipango, 750 leagues away. But they had never heard of it. Did it really exist, or was this a fairy tale? And if a storm blew up, was there any land near by in which to take refuge? It was hard to inspire faith in this crowd of rough illiterate men, whose heads were full of fantastic fears. They demanded to know daily how many leagues they had travelled, keeping exact account and deducting them from those 750, to which number they stuck like leeches, determined not to go one inch farther.

Columbus resorted to the stratagem of keeping a double log-book. On the one he showed his officers he had recorded one-fifth less than the distance actually covered. Pinzon did not discourage the deception, as he was going through the same difficulty aboard the *Pinta*. The appearance of extensive patches of seaweed produced a helpful impression as it was fresh and green and implied that land was not far distant. Those who knew better, however, realised that this was only part of the great sea of weeds that are carried by currents into the heart of the ocean.

DAYS passed, and nothing appeared on that horizon on which so many eyes were fixed. The Queen had promised a prize, a yearly pension of ten pounds, to the first man to spot land, a sum not to be sneered at in those days. On the 18th, the *Pinta* suddenly crowded on sail and overtook the flagship. Pinzon shouted to the dismayed Columbus that he had sighted a flock of white birds flying west, and that he was going to follow them in the hope that they would lead him to land. This was almost an act of insubordination, but Columbus did not wish to pick a quarrel. He was convinced that Pinzon was but wasting time, and in fact, before nightfall the *Pinta* was back in her usual place behind the *Santa Maria*. Nothing had been sighted except more weeds.

Pinzon was an arrogant obstinate man unused to playing a submissive role, and he had his own ideas. Columbus had foreseen trouble with this man, and later he had ample justification for his fears. Every night he was forced to put the three ships abreast, but directly dawn broke the race would be resumed again. Pinzon was determined at all costs to be the first to sight land. Two false alarms had electrified the crews by cannon shot—but never from the flagship.

The day came when the 750 leagues had been covered and land was still nothing but a cherished hope. Tension between crews and officers was growing hour by hour. It was not yet an actual mutiny, but the request by the crew to put back was made in menacing tones. Pinzon suggested hanging six or seven of the rascals as a deterrent to the others, but Columbus kept a firm hand on the situation. He would allow no incident to disturb his project of reaching India.

Fate turned in his favour at last. The branch of a tree, with roses blooming on it, was observed floating near by. This raised every one's spirits to a mood too exultant for sleep. It was the night of October 11th. Columbus was up on the castle of the *Santa Maria*. At two o'clock he saw a light low down on the horizon. It appeared and disappeared, but others saw it, too. Land! LAND! There was a general commotion. They prayed, cried, danced, shouted—hysterical reaction to six weeks of agonising uncertainty. Skins full of wine were distributed; musical instruments appeared on deck—and as the morning light grew stronger the voyagers saw before them a stretch of flat land covered with green vegetation.

Drawing nearer, they perceived that the yellow sand was alive with naked human beings, obviously greatly excited and plunging in and out of the water with many gesticulations. Anchors were dropped and boats lowered. Each of the men chosen to be among the first to land was suitably attired for the occasion and armed with arquebuses and blunderbusses. Columbus, in his velvet costume of commander-in-chief, carried the royal standard. Followed by the other two captains, he stepped out on to the new land; then knelt down and thanked God in a voice broken by emotion. For a few minutes all knelt there bareheaded on the deserted shore, for the natives had disappeared into the bushes. The landing party then proceeded to a knoll, where Columbus proclaimed the annexation in the names of the King and Queen of Spain, and took his oath of loyalty to their Majesties. From that moment, according to the terms of the agreement, he became a Don and Lord Grand Admiral of the Atlantic Ocean.

By this time some of the natives had ventured to approach, and as they drew closer they saw on the faces of the strangers the sign that needs no translating—the smile. Columbus coaxed a few of them near his person and allowed himself to be minutely examined. We have his own words describing what happened next.

"I presented them with red caps, strings of glass beads which they at once hung around their necks, and other things of little value that gave them excessive delight and won their friendship for us. They soon offered everything they possessed, but they seemed to be very poor. They were as completely naked as the day they were born, the women as well. I saw none who looked older than thirty, well-built people of fine physique and agreeable to look at. They had no weap and when I showed them my dagger took it unsuspectingly by the blade and their hands with it."

These and many other details Columbus recorded on the historical pages of the day, when the Old World made its first acquaintance with the New—the most glorious day of his life, October 12th, 1492.

Fate had prepared two crowns for him. One was of laurel—but the other was to be of thorn.

(*To be continued*)

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IMPORTANT— Don't throw away your empty tube; the Nation needs the metal. Please return it to your local chemist or store when making your next purchase.
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A SCIENTIFIC DENTAL CREAM
HIGHLY CONCENTRATED ½ INCH IS ENOUGH
CLEANSING REFRESHING ECONOMICAL
KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM
The Economical Tooth Paste

The Little Sisters

(*Continued from page 28*)

come back with me, he'll probably have made for his stable."

Fire-fly was being exercised by an under syce. Rahim mounted him, and followed his master, his face wearing the childish expression of the Indian when he is ashamed. He only prayed that Tandem would go straight home. He was worried. Master was angry, and when master had been angry with a syce before, there had been changes in his stable. The position of head syce to the well-known Ransome Sahib carried with it a much sought after "Izzat" (reputation). It would be no use trying to explain to the sahib that never —even during Tandem's most light-hearted moments—had the horse looked like unseating him before, or that this time it had seemed as though Tandem had deliberately intended to get rid of him. The major-sahib would not listen to such a tale. "My luck bad," wailed Rahim to himself. "My luck very bad."

When they reached the large white house, they found that the gate to the stable yard was closed, and that there was no sign of Tandem.

THE little sisters rose stiffly from their knees. It was seven o'clock of another sultry morning. The night of prayer had tried their bodily strength, but their faith that there would be an answer to their prayer was strong. The way would be clearly shown them, even if a horse were not directly sent.

But Sister Hermione, who had gone to the window, pointed to the compound outside. Her eyes were fixed and staring, but there was no surprise in her voice as she said: "God in His mercy has answered us! May God be praised!" The little sisters gathered round her, awed to silence by what they saw.

A horse, sweating unaccountably, was quietly nibbling the new blades of grass. That he was saddled and there was a bridle in his mouth, did not disturb the sisters. God had sent them a horse.

BOB returned in an agitated condition. Bar life every evening did not make for self-control. His wife heard him shouting to the servants; then he shut himself in his dressing-room.

"What the devil is the matter with you?" she called to him through the door.

"That damned fool Rahim let Tandem get away, and there'll be merry hell until he's found," he roared. He was no less angry when he reached the breakfast table. Mrs. Ransome poured out his tea in silence.

His bearer entered the room. "Sahib—Rahim say Tandem next door!"

The major looked up furiously, but with some relief. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Tandem in the Sister Sahibs' compound! If master will go upstairs he will see!"

Bob, followed by his wife, went hurriedly to her bedroom from whence they observed the unusual sight of two nuns in black habits attempting to fondle Tandem as they tried to unsaddle him.

"We must put him in the tonga at once," Sister Mary was saying. "And then I will take him out to accustom him to it."

The words floated up to Major and Mrs. Ransome.

"Good God, the old girl wants to commit suicide as well as theft!" he said. "If she tries to harness Tandem it'll be the end of her. What a damned fool of a woman!"

"Send Rahim over to bring the horse back!" he shouted to his bearer who disappeared hurriedly. In a moment the Ransomes saw Rahim appear in the sisters' compound and endeavour to lead Tandem away. The little sisters were expostulating with him. The others had come to add their persuasions to those of Sister Hermione and Sister Mary who was clinging to Tandem's bridle. Rahim shouted excitedly: "Tandem — *Ransome Sahib's* horse!" He tugged at one side of the bridle while Sister Mary firmly held the other.

"What an astonishing sight!" said Mrs. Ransome.

"Blast them! I'll have to go over myself."

"Bob—do control your language when you get there! Remember they are nuns!"

"Nuns be——!" said Major Ransome. His wife suddenly decided to go with him.

Rahim was obviously relieved at the sight of his master.

"Sahib—the Sister Sahibs say Tandem their horse!" he cried.

Major Ransome turned a stern eye upon Sister Hermione who had come forward to speak to him.

"May I ask, madam," he said as calmly as he could, "what is the meaning of this exceptional behaviour? This is one of the race-horses in my charge, due to run in the Viceroy's Cup to-morrow!"

Sister Hermione's eyes were rapt as she gazed at the horse.

"God sent him to us—God be praised!"

"Madam, I repeat," said Major Ransome, "this is a race-horse belonging to the Rajah of Mirzapore, and he is to race to-morrow."

Then Sister Hermione's eyes left the horse and were fixed upon the major's face; there was an unearthly light in them.

"Sir, I am sorry you should think so—because this is the horse for which we prayed —that God has sent us to take the place of the one that we have lost. We have spent the night in prayer—is it not natural that God should answer us?"

The other sisters were standing in a silent, expectant circle. There was no doubt in the eyes of Sister Hermione. She kept her burning gaze on Major Ransome.

"Madam," he began again, and then he turned helplessly to his wife. She was not looking at him. There was a new, strange expression on her face. She saw eight pairs of eyes; tired eyes in thin, pale faces. Each face showed the same unquestioning faith; a blind faith perhaps, but something that she had once heard of and afterwards forgotten. Middle-aged women though they were, there was the look of a child in their expressions. Mrs. Ransome was a Calcutta Memsahib; hard-boiled perhaps, surprised by little, and yet now she experienced a curious sensation—a prickle at the back of the eyes, and she found it difficult to speak.

SHE knew fear that their faith might be disturbed. She was afraid that further words from her husband might wound these women who had prayed all night. That mustn't happen. She turned to him. "Bob——" she hesitated, partly because she had to control her voice, and partly because she was unused to pleading with him. "Don't you see—it must be a sign to us——" (Surely this was never Sheila Ransome speaking!) "It is a sign to us that we must give them a horse——" The sisters stood silently. Then she spoke to them. "You see, Tandem is a race-horse, and if you tried to harness him to your tonga he would probably kick it to bits—— God—wouldn't mean that——" She felt her face flush. "But my husband and I realise"— the words rushed out now before Major Ransome could interrupt—"that we are meant to give you a horse—a more suitable horse—Bob—there's Jimmy——"

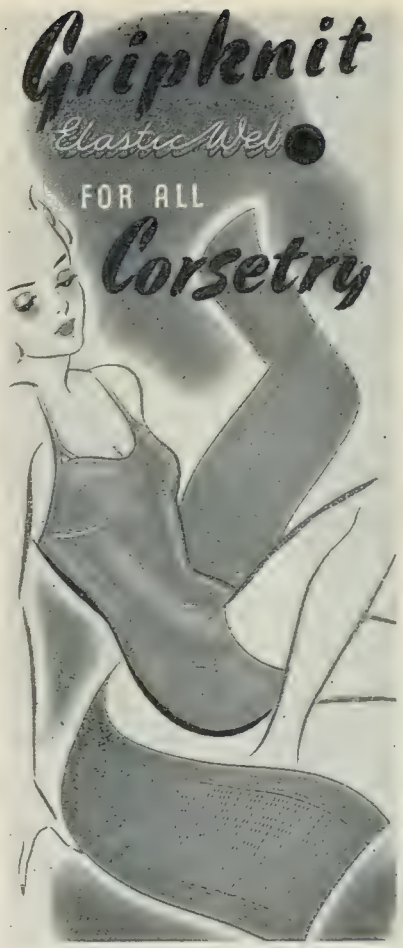
Jimmy had never been a race-horse. He had pulled the major's "tum-tum" in the old days, and was now a pensioner, but Major Ransome had never been known to give away a horse, for everything had its price. "You would take Jimmy instead, wouldn't you?" Mrs. Ransome said to Sister Hermione, and then she looked at her husband.

"That's quite an idea," said Major Ransome surprisingly.

Sister Hermione spoke to the sisters. "I feel this lady is right—it may be that we should have a quieter horse, and that the advent of this one was a sign. God works in a mysterious way. Thank you," she said to Mrs. Ransome, "we accept your offer."

"Jimmy shall be sent over to you at once," said the major, as Rahim prepared to lead away an apparently sound Tandem.

Alone with each (*Continued on page 62*)



Facts and Figures

It's more important than ever these days to look for the Gripknit label when buying foundation garments. There has been no meddling with the high quality of Gripknit elastic webbing; it is still the finest obtainable. Gripknit assures style and supple support; it won't pucker or form ridges—every strand of rubber is doubly covered and securely anchored. And Gripknit's rich sheen and friendly resilience are unaffected by laundering.

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A.C.8.

YOU HAVEN'T READ "THAT BOOK" FOR YEARS ? TURN IT OUT NOW—IT IS WANTED FOR SHELL CASES !

other in the cool green and white drawing-room, both came almost back to normal.

"Jimmy would have fetched two hundred rupees any day," he said.

"I know."

"Odd thing—those old girls praying, and Tandem turning up like that, wasn't it?"

"Extraordinary."

He got up from his chair and laid a hand on her shoulder. For a moment she thought he was going to kiss her. It was years since he had kissed her. Foolish tears came to her eyes.

"You look a bit fagged out, old girl."

She couldn't speak.

"What made you offer them a horse?"

She blew her nose. "They were rather like—children—the way they believed—in things——"

Major Ransome made a strange sound resembling a grunt. Then he bent and kissed the top of his wife's head. "You're a damned good one, old girl," he said. "I'm glad they've got their horse. I admit it shook me a bit—their certainty. But what shook me most, was you—what made you play up to them like that?"

"God knows," she said, and that, she felt, was true.

END

Scalloped Yoke

(*Continued from page* 38)

curve, work 40 sts., cast off 20, work 40. Continue on these 40 sts. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 30 sts. Work a few rows to make armholes 8 ins. if yoke were joined to black. Cast off 6 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. Work other side the same. Pick up 40 sts. along one shoulder and work all k. for 10 rows. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

With black wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 84 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 2 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 108 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 48 sts. Work shapings as back and front.

TOP OF SLEEVE (two alike)

Work as yoke, but with only 2 pieces. When they are both on one needle, k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 16 sts. Cast off.

TO FINISH NECK

Sew one shoulder. Pick up 120 sts. round neck and work k. 1, p. 1 rib in blue for ¾ in. Cast off.

FOR 36-IN. BUST

Cast on 108 sts. for back and front and continue as for 34-in. size, but with 8 extra sts. until shaping for yoke, and cast off 11 sts. instead of 9, work 17, etc.

THE YOKE

Cast on 11 sts. instead of 9 and inc. to 27 sts. instead of 25. When casting off have 48 sts. instead of 40. Make the same addition of 2 sts. to every piece in the front of yoke and cast off 28 sts. at neck instead of 20. Sleeves should be large enough for 36-in. bust size if worked as 34-in. size

TO FINISH NECK

Pick up 130 sts. instead of 120.

FOR 38-IN. BUST

Work as 36-in. size using No. 8 needles in place of No. 9, and No. 10 in place of No. 11.

Checked Yoke

(*Continued from page* 38)

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 42 sts. in pink. Work as right front with shaping at opposite edge.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 50 sts. in pink. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 4th row after until there are 70 sts. Work straight until side seam is 16 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 90 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 4 ins. along these shaped edges. Now work stripes and continue dec. until there are 20 sts.

Cast off.

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'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

TO FINISH FRONTS

Pick up 134 sts. down left front with No. 11 needles. Work in pink. K. 1, p. 1 rib for 12 rows. Cast off. Do the same to right front, but when 5 rows have been worked, work buttonholes as follows: Work 2 sts., * cast off 3, work 13 sts., rep. from * to end of row, ending work 2.

Next row.—* Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 3 sts., turn, rep. from * to end. Work 5 more rows. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 104 sts. with No. 11 needles and pink. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2½ ins. Cast off. Now cast on 104 sts. with plum. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1½ ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE CHECKS

Crochet with plum wool by holding wool underneath work, and working chain on right side, going into every other st. and not pulling loops tightly. Place the lines with 9 sts. between to form squares, and there should be a line on 2nd st. from each shoulder edge on back and front.

TO MAKE UP

Press well. Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on collars, putting plum on top of pink. Sew on buttons. Sew in sleeves.

LARGER SIZES

1 oz. more pink is needed.

FOR 34-IN. BUST

Use No. 9 needles in place of No. 10 and No. 10 in place of No. 11 and work as 32-in. size.

FOR 36-IN. BUST

Use No. 9 needles in place of No. 10, and No. 10 in place of No. 11.

THE BACK

Cast on 100 sts. instead of 92. Inc. to 128 sts. instead of 120. Make side seams longer if liked. Reduce to 100 sts. instead of 92 at shoulders. Cast off 9 sts. instead of 8 at beg. of next 8 rows, leaving 28 sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 46 sts. instead of 42. Inc. to 60 sts. instead of 56. Make side seams longer if liked. Reduce to 36 sts. instead of 32 at shoulder, and cast off 9 sts. instead of 8 at end.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 60 sts. instead of 50. Inc. to 80 sts. instead of 70. Then inc. to 100 sts. instead of 90. Dec. to 30 sts. instead of 20 sts. at casting off.

TO FINISH FRONTS

If side seams have been made longer than 13 ins. pick up an extra 16 sts.

FOR 38-IN. BUST

As 36 ins., with No. 8 needles instead of No. 9 and No. 9 for No. 10.

END

The Days Draw In

(*Continued from page* 45)

exposed pipes from frost. Wrap them with hair felt and cover this with canvas if possible. It is a precaution that will save you misery and expense if the winter should prove especially severe.

Indoors, lighting makes an important contribution to warmth. That is to say it creates an illusion of warmth almost as valuable as the real thing.

A glaring white light in a room, however good for seeing with, adds nothing to the visual comfort. Warm tinted light, on the other hand, will make even a room without a fire look inviting.

An overhaul of all the light shades in the house may easily yield some useful results in the way of cheering and improving the atmosphere of a room.

Menus call for a lot of careful thought in winter. Food values must be as well balanced as the means allow. Porridge for breakfast should become a rule. It warms and sustains. Drink cocoa for breakfast instead of tea. It has important food value. Dried milk mixture makes perfectly good cocoa when there is a shortage of fresh milk.

Soups are cheering and nourishing and work miracles in bumping out a light meal to the proportions of a square one.

Make plenty of use of casserole cookery for cold days. This way you get all the juices of the vegetables. Nothing is lost and the food comes to the table piping hot.

END

Gibbs COLD CREAM SOAP soothes Baby's skin

Now baby-creams are scarce, Gibbs Cold Cream Soap is more than ever necessary for Baby. This soap is not only specially mild, but it is so richly creamy that it helps to protect from chafing and soreness. See that your baby has the comfort of Gibbs Cold Cream Soap

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204 *Of all Chemists and Stores.*

Cuticura SOAP FOR BABY

"There must be many women who go on suffering at 'these times' just as I did." If only those who suffer from wretched headaches, severe pain and mental depression, instead of looking upon these things as a natural sequence of their indisposition, would try Cephos, they'd never be without it. Cephos contains no harmful drugs. It is the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician, a safe and certain remedy. It does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 3/-.

Single Dose 2d.

Cephos REG'D

Pronounced See-foss

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

My Island Home

(*Continued from page 20*)

several uninhabited and untrodden miles of which I had paid from £1 to £4 an acre. The local wages are 3s. a day for men and 1s. 6d. for women. Everybody said he or she would not mind trying what it was like to work! At this point I found an invaluable ally in R. T. Symonette, who owns a shipyard and two hotels in Nassau, but these are by no means the limit of his activities. Born on Eleuthera, he realised the prodigious possibilities of the island and its attraction for those British or Canadians who want the sun and an open-air life, with the opportunity of making a living but certainly not a fortune.

So having built some of the loveliest houses on fashionable New Providence, sixty-four miles away across "white seas" within the reef, he agreed to build mine in the middle of nowhere. "Impossible," said the serious and the wise. "No expert labour. No regular transport. No roads. No food or water. No amenities . . ." They went on for ever.

BUT R. T. is part owner of an excellent boat called the *Marmaduke*. I don't know exactly what kind of craft she is, but she carries a good deal of sail and has an auxiliary engine. Her captain, W. B. Johnson, is now known to us all as "Winston" because he has never found anything impossible. Everything for my house came across in the undefeatable *Marmaduke*. Plumbing, baths, steel windmills, an electric engine, timber, refrigerators, and a gas-stove, the cylinders to feed it, storm-shutters, doors, window-frames, primrose and terra-cotta tiles for the huge porches with a Cuban potter to set them, thousands of roof shingles, and later on all my furniture, which I had shipped from London just as bombing began, cases of budded American citrus, coconuts for planting, bulbs, shrubs and ten-foot trees were packed into the *Marmaduke*. They all got to Eleuthera safely and were loaded on to the local down-at-wheel trucks, reminiscent of a mechanical Noah's Ark. But first, three and a half miles of road had to be made, from the nearest village. It is really only a lorry track winding casually over sandhills and through forests of shaggy-topped palmetto which look like ballet dancers. Sometimes it disappears altogether under wind-drifts. But along it, in 1940, the irresistible R. T. forced the transport, the material and the labour to build the four-square house round an inner court, with pepper-pot towers at the entrance, which I had drawn—hopelessly lopsided—on every sheet of paper I could find the previous year.

It was *really* like the first chapter of the Bible. "Let there be water" meant setting a number of lazy, earth-coloured men in torn slacks and outsize hats to digging in the sand. At ten to fourteen feet they found liquid, but sometimes it was salt or brackish. After a lot of effort they got sweet water, and an excited expert, bewildered at his own success, erected a sixty-foot steel skeleton windmill, which pumps ninety per cent of the water I use for the house and eight acres of garden to-day. But we also installed a small oil engine to make the electric light and run a subsidiary pump on windless days.

Cement blocks, made by machines sailed across from Nassau, grew into walls. They were rough-cast and plastered after the irregular whirling design I made with a piece of sacking, limewash and a bucket of water. Stone was hewn to make the courtyard and terrace paths. California pine, in planks six inches wide, provided flooring as hard and dark as our ancient Elizabethan oak. Three months' polishing made it mirror-smooth. The shingled roof went on in spite of half a hurricane. Round cedar wood water-tanks were built into the tops of the towers and piping run down to the valley, now planted with hundreds of oranges, lemons, grapefruit and tangerines, as well as with all the local half-tropical fruits—soursop, sugar apple, guavas, mangoes, custard apples and bananas.

When I returned to Eleuthera after Germany gave up her bombing intentions over our indomitable Britain—with a recommendation from the Colonial Office, always on the alert to encourage Empire food production and to further local employment—I found my house built and the original sand-hill from which I had looked over Eden already patched with grass.

But there was a heap more to be done. For six months I worked out of doors from soon after dawn till sunset. There were only twelve showers of rain in all that time. So four hours a day were spent in watering. Crab-grass had to be planted—and re-planted again and again—by hand. At one time I had between forty and fifty labourers employed on my own property. Road-making and house-building provided work for the whole district.

Three more houses have been built on land I bought—one on the top of a real hill, for Lord Monsell, a former First Lord of the Admiralty. R. T. was responsible for these, and he is so keen on our joint plan for developing the middle of Eleuthera—twenty-seven miles from the American supply farm—as a new British "home front," that he has started building a delicious inn the other side of our local village and cleared about forty acres around its picturesque cottages for vegetable and fruit growing.

When I left my fairy-tale house last October to visit Canadian war industries, the 400 casuarinas—a feathery evergreen rather like yew—which I had planted six inches high, to make windbreaks, had grown over my head. R. T., looking doubtfully at the flowering acacias he had *sown* as seeds a few months previously, remarked: "Only God can make a tree," but by the end of the summer they were twice our height. A Mexican love-vine had raced up to the roof, growing at least a foot a day. The patches of grass over which we had toiled and which we had watered on windless days at the expense of baths and cooking, had joined into a green carpet. The 4,000 coconuts we had planted on the hottest summer days—not a cloud in the sky, my legs and arms peeling in spite of their sunburn—had unbelievably sprouted. I left the boldest looking like lettuces. In five years they will be bearing, and the nuts exported for oil and soap and fanciful cooking. Oranges and grapefruit find a certain market in Nassau. A good year with tomatoes should mean £10 profit per acre, but this is without amortization of the capital spent on clearing. All this means hard work, but it is the creation of a new fragment of Britain, sun-drenched, peaceful, healthy, with plenty of space, and opportunities measured only by personal energy. On Eleuthera they say: "Nobody dies here 'cept of old age."

There are housekeeping problems, of course. For the villagers grow only sufficient for their own use. They want enough to eat and that is all.

Fresh food can be grown, or raised (with difficulty, because there is no natural grass for cattle, so fodder has to be sown), or fished out of the sea when it is calm. All stores must come from Nassau, by sea, or along the rough track from Hatchet Bay Farm which American enterprise has splendidly developed the northern end of Eleuthera.

June-like sun is free—all through the winter. More rain would be profitable. The sea is a delight, and so warm and still in mid-summer that you take walks in it, rather than waste energy by swimming. No sharks because of the reef—but such exquisite clarity of light that earth and sky fuse. And—at the end of the primitive day—an admirable drink of the local rum with fresh pineapple juice, or limes from your own garden. No clothes problems. Brilliant and strong linen slacks suffice, with a choice of shirts. Ten pounds a year would provide a wardrobe. The local tailor charges 20s. for excellent trousers. Hats are made in the village from palmetto tops.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 44)

about a drinking contest with Chaliapin, which I should like to have seen, and plenty about his various matrimonial adventures.

Read this if you want to know about one of the great characters of the stage and screen.

"Requiem for Robert" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) is a detective story that is rather different. For one thing Mary Fitt knows how to write and knows how to lay out her story. Is it a suicide or is it a murder? and apparently the blast mark from a revolver held near the head does not help. Read it and see for yourself.

Russell Green has written a school story ("Northern Star," Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.). in which the schoolboy is not the main story. Rather is education the theme, and life in the Midlands in the spacious days just before 1914 the background.

There is, of course, plenty about Norby Grammar School, in Woolshire—I don't like these unnecessary thin disguises—and plenty more about the masters.

But the main story is the quest for scholarships and how they are obtained, told with humour and insight. And through it all runs an excellent picture of the boy's family and all his relations. I found some tiresome repetition and some unevenness, but the balance goes along as smoothly as the hero on his bicycle.

FOR those on the look out for something really unusual Alex Comfort has provided it in "The Almond Tree" (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.). This, so the cover informs me, is a poet's novel in which "the characters they encounter are their own selves personified. The incertitude of their lives broods over every succeeding incident." That leaves me not much wiser, and having read it I am still in the dark. But it has some brilliant patches —such as the description of the locomotive at loose on a ship at sea in a storm. It deals with a Polish family settled in Germany, which breaks up on the death of the grandfather. Thereafter their adventures take place in many parts of the world, but those that survive come back again to the old almond tree. In one place horrid, if vivid; in one or two places involved or dull; but also excellent for long periods, it is almost worth buying and certainly worth borrowing.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 35)

If you like your work it is not likely to tire you, no matter how long the hours may be. If you are bored you will find yourself exhausted after an hour or two. In factories fatigue is noticeably little in evidence in workrooms where the output is consistently high, and it has been found that the highest peak of work output is produced following the initial "warming up" period after the first hour of work. As the midday break approaches the output is slowed down and work reaches its peak point again an hour after the work has begun following the midday break.

Most of us get much more tired than we need because we take our work the hard way and have not learnt how to rest even when we get the chance. When your work forces you to stand for hours on end the sooner you learn that there is a right and a wrong way of standing the better for both you and your work. Put all your weight on one foot and you will soon be utterly exhausted. The right way to stand is with your feet a little apart with the weight equally divided between both of them. Have one foot a little in front of the other, after a time change. Stand with the weight on the outside edges of the feet. This saves fallen arches. And if your feet are tired when you get home sit down in a comfortable chair, take off your shoes, wriggle your toes about luxuriously and try to pick up a small ball of wool with your toes. For hot swollen feet have two basins of water, one as hot as you can bear it, one (*Continued on page* 66)

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But you can break free, if, first, you get rid of the acid.

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So remember that constipation and bad digestion are both due to excess acid. As soon as there is the slightest hint of too much acid, take a spoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'. Do it for several days and watch how appetite improves, how much more regular you are. And you will wonder how anything so bland and gentle can be so promptly effective. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia. There is nothing else like it. Try it today; you will be delighted. Obtainable everywhere 1/5d. and 2/10 (treble size) also in tablet form 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½ (including Purchase Tax). Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

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as cold as you can stand it, and a rough towel. Plunge your feet first into the hot water, then into the cold, alternate several times, ending up with a cold plunge, and give your feet a good rough towelling.

Women who work underground in electric light all day will soon find themselves getting pale, peaky and chronically tired. These war workers need to make up for the lack of oxygen during their working hours, and the best kind of rest is taken comfortably relaxed in an easy chair which has been pulled as near an open window as possible. The "vitality cocktail" mentioned in "Off Duty" will help to counteract this kind of war fatigue.

The woman who is worried as well as tired finds it extremely difficult to relax properly even when she gets the chance to do so.

On Duty—and Off

When she goes to bed at night she may lie in a comfortable position but her muscles will be taut instead of relaxed. A good way to counteract this is to go through a little relaxing routine when you first get into bed before you settle yourself in your usual sleeping position. In order to relax move the pillow from under your head, lie flat on your back, draw your knees up, breathe slowly and deeply, and at the same time let your arms go limp and make a conscious effort to allow all the muscles to relax. After a few minutes you will find you are becoming so sleepy that it will be as much as you can do to get the pillow under your head before you drop off to sleep.

END

Collar, But No Tie (*Continued from page* 43)

suggested, "the place on the line where Bonnington's body was picked up ought to give us a clue as to when he was murdered. They found his body, didn't they, between Spider's Castle and Leacon Junction? Doesn't that suggest that X didn't join the train until Spider's Castle?"

The man in the brown suit shook his head.

"It would have been easy enough," he explained, "for X to have hidden Bonnington's body for any length of time. No, I'm afraid we can't go by that."

There was silence, complete silence, round the big, baize-covered table.

The general drummed his fingers impatiently.

"Then we're agreed," he began, "that we can reach no definite conclusion? In that case, gentlemen, we have no alternative but to advise the Secretary of State that Plan Forty-five must be scrapped; and I don't need to remind you that, with that decision, six months of intensive planning, and training slide gracefully down the drain."

"Together," growled the admiral, "with our best chance of winning the ruddy war."

The general's rejoinder was sharp.

"Don't be a fool, admiral. If there's the remotest chance of a leakage—and we're confronted with much more than a remote chance—we must drop the thing like a hot brick."

"I agree with you," said the man in the brown suit.

"But look here," said the brigadier, G.S., who had been keeping very quiet, "one of the party who went on the expedition isn't here. Surely, sir, your A.D.C. came with us?"

The general frowned.

"So he did. I'd forgotten all about him. The Secretary of State would have taken a detective with him if he'd come and when he scratched there was a place going spare."

He turned to the man in the brown suit.

"D'you want him in? He'll be next door, probably sound asleep. Not that he'll be much help. Bookish, dreamy sort of chap, only half-awake most of the time."

"I should like him to be here," said the man in the brown suit.

THE A.D.C. had been given a chair over by the fireplace.

He had dressed in a hurry, and his eyes, behind the thick lenses of his glasses, resented the bright lights and the haze of tobacco smoke.

"That," the man in the brown suit was saying, "is as far as we have been able to get."

The A.D.C. blinked.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I think I may be able to help. I happened to look out of the window just as they were beginning to discuss Plan Forty-five. It was still broad daylight, of course. There was a lane with masses of blue chicory growing on either side of it. It was a narrow, chalky lane that ran at right angles to the line, climbing over a shoulder of grassland——"

The admiral interrupted.

"You seem to remember all this very clearly."

The A.D.C. shrugged his shoulders.

"It occurred to me at the time, sir, that I'd much rather be walking up the lane than stewing in that wretched old train."

The man in the brown suit grinned.

"Go on," he said.

"As I remember it, beyond this first shoulder the ground rose again and there was a park with beech trees and a house on the sky-line. A big, white Palladian house with a flagstaff and a flag flying at the top of it."

The superintendent leant forward eagerly.

"Wingmore," he said quietly. "Unmistakably Wingmore Park. When the duke is in residence they always fly a flag. Eighteen minutes running time west of Spider's Castle."

"Then if," the general said excitedly, "this X didn't join the train till Spider's Castle, we're all right."

"If," said the man in the brown suit. "But how do we know that he didn't board the train at Blindgroom?"

"Think, gentlemen, think," urged the man in the brown suit. "Think back to the steward whom you saw when he served dinner and try to compare him in your minds' eyes with the steward who looked after you for the rest of the journey. One might have had hairs sprouting out of his ears and the other not. Surely trained observers like yourselves *occasionally* notice *something?*"

The A.D.C. took off his spectacles, rubbed his eyes, and then polished the lenses of his glasses with a handkerchief.

He looked up quickly.

"Bonnington," he said, "the real Bonnington, was short-sighted, wasn't he?"

The superintendent nodded.

"Blind as a bat," he said. "I never remember seeing him without glasses."

"When he was picked up, was he still wearing his spectacles?"

The man in the brown suit looked through a thick sheaf of police messages.

"Yes," he said. "He was. Shell-rimmed spectacles. Both side-pieces and one lens were smashed."

"And I suppose you don't happen to know," the A.D.C. pursued, "whether X was short-sighted as well?"

"As it happens," said the man in the brown suit, "I can answer that one, too. He wasn't. When he made his get-away at the terminus he left his props behind in the pantry of the special—among them a pair of imitation shell spectacles. The lenses were plain glass."

"Then it was Bonnington and not X," said the A.D.C., "who was in the saloon while Plan Forty-five was being discussed. When he bent down to give me some more kümmel I noticed there was dried shaving soap on the side-piece of his spectacles. Only genuinely short-sighted people shave with their glasses on. I have to myself, so I know."

WHEN he got back to his room, the A.D.C. discovered that he had attended the meeting improperly dressed. He'd got his collar on but he had forgotten his tie. Only half-awake most of the time. That was what his general frequently said of him and it looked as if he wasn't far wrong.

END

She's Forty

(*Continued from page 41*)

any choice in the matter use a peach shade of foundation lotion applying it with the fingertips to avoid waste. Let your lipstick be dull red rather than a vivid harsh shade that will flag attention to the lines around your mouth.

Pay as much attention to your neck as to your face in the matter of make-up. Always carry your face powdering down to your neck, back and front; you should, of course, apply foundation lotion to your neck, but if you are trying to be saving with this, massage a little talcum powder into your neck after your bath and before face powdering—this will lighten the tone of it, which tends to darken.

Neck exercises will lessen neck lines and sagging flesh around the chin, but they must be done regularly.

One of the things many people ignore is the appearance of their teeth; probably because these are a utility rather than a decorative feature. Nevertheless they are important. Look at them critically and make certain that they are not dingy, crooked or decayed, or in any way unattractive, if it can be avoided. Your dentist will help you to make them look their best.

Your hands should be well cared for. Massage a good hand cream in before going to bed.

Keep your figure as fit and slim as you can. Exercises will achieve wonders and will also enliven your actions and give you a youthful ease of movement. Do try and keep your waist under control with bending and twisting movements. When you walk, walk briskly. When you sit, sit gracefully and don't sag.

Keep your feet comfortable. Never endure a corn, callouses or aching bones—these will age your walk, and posture, and add lines to your face. Soak your feet; massage your feet; and powder them with boracic powder.

The forties are often looked upon with a certain dread by some women—quite needlessly. It is perfectly natural to relax into a further maturity, but make certain that you do relax into it and not struggle into a nerve-straining fight. Keep yourself mentally poised.

END

Animals in Total War

(*Continued from page 25*)

speed. A search was made over a seventy square mile area, and the crew were sighted in their dinghy. Food was dropped and later a Walrus flying-boat rescued the men. Winkie was cleaned up and given special food. She had saved the lives of four men. Her proud owner, a master plumber from near Dundee, says: "She's a tough little bird."

The Soviets use more animals for war purposes than any other country. Over two million horses, some of which, shaggy little beasts, were to be seen careering over the snow in that memorable film, *The German Defeat Before Moscow*. Here was a true cavalry charge again, such as one thought had vanished: animals *ventre-à-terre* and their riders holding sabres aloft.

Casualties have been heavy, and Russia has had to ask the Allies for veterinary aid. The R.S.P.C.A. has raised £14,000.

IF the war should spread to French North Africa, the mounted Spahis would flash into action, let us hope on our side, despite Laval. For the present, honours in the African sands go to the Méharistes Camel Corps which came over to the Fighting French and took part in an amazing 1,800 mile out and home raid on Kufra and Murzuk, travelling from Fort Lamy in Fighting French Africa. But the most telling animal intervention, certainly the most unexpected, was the use made of elephants by the Japs in the jungles of Malaya and Burma. Without these great beasts literally carrying all before them—and carrying even artillery on their backs—the little yellow devils could never have made such headway. Elephants were later used to crash a path through the jungle for refugees escaping from Burma.

In China, the tough little pack pony has been in greater demand than ever since the loss of motor highways; never can such burdens have been carried by small animals month after month over vast distances.

The Germans make far the most use of dogs. Before the war they had thousands of trained guides, messengers and scouts. Now they also use the most savage kind as guards at concentration camps.

The aim of our War Office and Air Ministry is 3,000 dogs spread over a period. Dogs are loaned on the voluntary principle—those who thought to make money out of a patriotic appeal were soon cold shouldered. The War Office does not encourage a dog queue down Whitehall. Local representatives of the R.S.P.C.A. and Canine Defence League are the recruiting agents. They vet the dogs which, if suitable, are sent for a trial. This may last a couple of days or a few weeks and dog owners can rest assured that the trainers are experienced men and animal lovers.

Dogs as domestic pets have been under criticism in view of their great number—one guess is 3,000,000 for the British Isles—and the consequent inroads on food consumption, however carefully controlled. One man wrote challengingly to *The Times* saying his dog was useless but was his companion and that he meant to keep it. But this is thorny ground. I prefer to mention that if dogs can no longer keep down foxes and other game in view of the lapse of hunting, they are still of service as ratters, and thereby save a great amount of food.

Cats do their bit principally as mousers and never were they more wanted owing to the large numbers of buildings and houses left untenanted through the blitz and because of backyard poultry and rabbit keeping. There is a great shortage of cats, and animal societies have a list of good homes on their books. The progeny of plain howlers on the tiles is to be seen for sale in an exclusive West End pet shop—austerity note! Casualties are from divers causes. Panicky owners left their cats to starve. As an example, London's stray cat population has increased to over 300,000. Our Dumb Friends' League have dealt with 83,000. Many cats were from bombed areas, but they often stray because their owners do not feed them. It is a mistaken idea that cats find their own food. From where? One might well ask in these days.

Casualties of another kind are due to cat thieves, who are rampant. Many a well-cared-for cat disappears, whose glossy coat attracts loiterers in touch with the bogus "fur" market. The thieves will be active again when the cats have grown their winter coats.

The cat further does his (and her) bit as mascot, notably for sailors. Cats seldom miss their ships though Sallies may be enticed to spend a night on the quayside with a land-lubbing Thomas. One airman took his cat on a 1,000-bomber raid—Blackie has many hours flying to his credit. But the most famous cat of the war must be Oscar, erstwhile black and white pet of the *Bismarck*. Oscar was picked up by the destroyer *Cossack*, and later transferred to the *Ark Royal*. Again rescued from the sea when the aircraft carrier was sunk, he is now safely "interned" at a sailors' rest home in Ulster.

Bacchus of the Fighting French submarine *Ruby* is the first recipient of the Canine V.C. The medal was inaugurated for him by the Canine Defence League and it is called the "Valiant Dogs' Decoration." Bacchus has shared all the excitement of going into action and he has been submerged more than 2,000 hours. He had the honour of being presented to the King and Queen who shook him by the paw.

END

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Love Under Mars

(*Continued from page 15*)

the soldier. The man's company commander advises against it, and the captain should know his men.

"So you want to get married?"

"Yes, I do, sir. I guess that's my right as an American citizen. I——"

"Wait a minute," says the colonel. "No one's disputing your constitutional rights. But this happens to be a war, you happen to be in the Army of the United States, and the Army has a general order—you've heard of it—that no member of the Armed Forces overseas may marry without the permission of his commanding officer. You can't get married without permission, you know."

"No, sir?"

The colonel doesn't like the way the soldier says that. He fixes him with a hard stare. "No. Get that straight. No! You disobey that order, and you'll go up for court-martial. Understand?" He relaxes. "But don't get any ideas. You can't elope in this Army and this country. Without the Army's official permission, no Church or civil authority will perform the ceremony."

The sergeant marches the man off, and the colonel curses. He's given a couple of permissions in a month, but the general in mess the other night made some pointed remarks about what it would mean in the way of Special Service officers, headquarters' responsibilities, and what not, if only a dozen men a month per division married British girls. There'd be babies coming at militarily awkward times. And other complications. Congress might pass a law automatically giving British girls who married American soldiers American citizenship status; but as the law stood, the wife retained her own nationality, and the American government had no responsibility for her.

ONE of these days possibly there'll be a Society of British Wives of American soldiers, who will meet regularly to discuss their common problems. There is already a Society of Scottish Wives of Polish soldiers. It held its first meeting last June, to discuss problems common to Scotswomen who marry Polish soldiers. Since these foreign fighting men, with the eagle badge in their caps, went into training in the Northern Kingdom, nearly 800 of them have married Scottish girls, although some of them can only say "Good morning" and "I love you," in English, with a broad Scots accent; and the girl knows about as much Polish.

The overriding remarkable fact is that, despite all the dangers, difficulties and uncertainties of wartime—not forgetting the scarcity of homes, the famine in furniture, and the coupon-into-trousseau riddle—the marriage curve on the nation's life graph is rising steeply. Before night closes the day on which you read this, more than a thousand men, and as many women, most of them young and adventurous, will have given the "I do" responses to the routine marriage questions put by priest, parson or registrar, and gone forth as man and wife. In the first quarter of 1942 there were 88,222 marriages. This is 22,385 above the first-quarter average of the last six years.

Investigation of this wartime love-and-marriage phenomenon uncovers sundry intriguing angles and aspects. For instance, only a million and a half women between the ages of twenty and thirty are affected by the National Services Act. Where are all the other women in that age bracket? They are married (only about four per cent of people marry over thirty, the average age being twenty-five). Quite a few girls, who hadn't made up their minds about marrying Jack, at least just yet, decided after all to marry him: life as a married woman, free to get any kind of job or live on the warrior's dependant's allowance, being in their view preferable to conscription.

In the Services, sex—using the term in its widest sense, and including even the placid relationship of a long-married couple—is a problem as persistent and inescapable as weapons, food, and munitions supply. It is a factor in war. Hitler's psychologists knew that when they had their fifth column agents send letters and postcards to French front-line soldiers, telling them that their wives were being or had been seduced by British soldiers in the home town or village. Somerset Maugham, as an official observer in France, gave, for the discerning, a disquieting slant on French fighting spirit in early 1940 in a single sentence noting that French naval officers walked aboard their ships in the morning with the air of men arriving at the office.

Like criticism has been made about British Army officers, more particularly in the Empire garrison outposts, Hong Kong, Singapore, and elsewhere. The wives made a social life; the resident warriors settled into it. As a generalisation, it's untrue. As a statement, it contains some truth.

Marriages are numerous in all the women's Services. The girls can take their year's leave of fourteen days, and get another fourteen days extension.

Much nonsense is talked about the risks of wartime marriages, probably because after the last war the divorce and separation figures jumped. A middle-aged woman I know, whose niece, in her teens, was getting married to a young officer, told me that she viewed the whole affair with disquiet. Who was this young man? The girl had known him only three months, and then merely as an occasional companion for dances, walks, dining out, the pictures. What would happen to him after the war? She understood that his father was a professional man; but the son had no profession, and no money. And so on. The girl had saved up fifteen days' leave, and used it to do all the arranging (attended to the authorities, interviewed the parson), and she had a month's marriage leave, without pay. It all seemed so fantastic.

"War marriages," sighed this woman, "are never successful."

I asked her if she ever heard of a man named Wavell. "You mean General Wavell? But, of course, why?" I pointed out that General Wavell, and approximately one and a half million other men, and as many women, married during the last war. Most of those unions had been very successful. On this, she began to qualify, and say I knew what she meant, and so on.

On the divorce-rate figures, your chances of a successful marriage at any time are one in seventy-five. Allow for separations (thrice the divorce rate) and they run one in twenty-five. War marriage risks run no higher than peace marriage risks. The overall risk is still that men and women may get married for insufficient reasons.

Otherwise, the same basics run. In war, as in peace, a good choice stays a good choice, and a bad choice invites disaster—divorce, separation, or a cat-and-dog marital relationship.

The final comment reverts to the fundamental Russian and German obsession, not with marriage, the people of to-day, but with the results of marriage, the children, the people of to-morrow. Here, everything is more than all right. In the first quarter of 1942, 158,201 babies were born in this island, 81,813 boys and 76,388 girls. This is the highest first-quarter rate in eleven years. Further, the mortality rate, sixty-one per thousand lives, was the lowest ever recorded in a first quarter, and fifteen per cent below the average of the ten preceding first quarters. In other words, despite bombs, rationing, shortages, mothers working, all the wartime strains and stresses, the wartime baby crop is the healthiest ever.

END

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